



THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



Mr. Cooney Makes It Right With God
Democracy and Leadership in Canada
Can the League Be Saved?
Colonialism and Culture
The Fascist Province

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XIV.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1934

No. 163

VALE

THIS is the last number of THE CANADIAN FORUM which is to be issued under the direction of the present editorial committee. When the journal appears next month it will be under new management with Mr. Steven Cartwright as editor. For the last seven years the publication of THE CANADIAN FORUM has only been possible because the burden of the annual deficit which it involved was borne by the publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. Now that they have decided to withdraw, the journal passes into new hands; and the old editorial committee are resigning with the inauguration of the new regime.

All editors, we presume, come to feel a strong sentimental affection for their own journalistic efforts, and we confess to a certain degree of sorrow now that the moment for parting has arrived. We have had a very good time together and have got a good deal of fun out of our venture, and we hope that we have neither bored nor irritated our readers beyond endurance. There are still one or two members on the committee whose connection with THE CANADIAN FORUM goes back to the days when it was first launched in 1920. Since that time there has been a constant stream of new members elected to the committee and old members resigning from it. As we look back at all the comings and goings and at all the internal crises of committee meetings, we are astonished to observe the continuity of policy which has been maintained. THE CANADIAN FORUM has been from the start a journal of criticism; and, in spite of occasional indignant protests, we believe that its steady body of subscribers has justified our faith that there is a place for such a publication in Canada. To our local committees and to the many individual writers who have helped to provide THE CANADIAN FORUM with contributions from all parts of Canada, we here express our gratitude. To the head of the Dent firm, Mr. Hugh Dent of London, our most sincere thanks are due for the generosity which he has displayed ever since he became responsible for the publication of THE CANADIAN FORUM. He has always given an entirely free hand to the editorial committee to determine their own policy and has never interfered to forbid or command any expression of opinion. At the same time he has taken a keen personal interest in the success of the journal. Mr. Dent is one of those very rare persons in this world, a genuine liberal.

Under its new management THE CANADIAN FORUM will, we have no doubt, continue to maintain the standards which we have endeavoured to impose upon ourselves during the last fourteen years. We bespeak for Mr. Cartwright and his collaborators the good will of the subscribers to the paper which has been so generously manifested towards ourselves.

CANADA IN THE POST-LEAGUE ERA

THE radio speeches of our leading citizens, under the auspices of the League of Nations Society, have so far been pretty much of the character which we anticipated. They are full of exhortations to support the League, but they carefully avoid anything more than hints at what a really effective support of the collective system would involve for Canada. The truth is that Canada has never been in the slightest degree devoted to the ideas of the League. As long as it involved nothing more than discussion and conciliation we were for it, but we have always been against the sanctions sections of the Covenant without which no pooled security is possible, and it was Canada which began the process of attrition of the Covenant which reached its climax when Japan set up the new state of Manchukuo. Any realistic discussion of these points has been carefully avoided by the League of Nations Society speakers. They have also steered clear of another vital question. While suggesting a horrible picture of what the world would be like if the collective system disappeared, they have stopped short of admitting that the League, as an effective instrument for maintaining peace, has already disappeared. The real question which faces us now in Canada is what we are going to do in this world that is preparing for another big war, and especially what we are going to do about our British Commonwealth relationship. For all practical purposes we are back where we were before 1914 in the British Empire. We have developed no effective machinery for continuous consultation in the post-war Commonwealth, we have not even decided how far we want a common foreign policy for the whole Commonwealth and how far we want each member to pursue his own policy. This means that one of these days we shall be presented with a *fait accompli* by the British Foreign Office just as we were in 1914. During the past decade we did not worry about this question of war commitments because we assumed

that all serious wars had been abolished by the new collective system. The League was the *deus ex machina* which solved the tangled problem of unity and diversity in the post-war Commonwealth. The time has now come, however, that we cease to drug ourselves with this optimistic soothing syrup and that we make up our minds what we are going to do in the next British war. If we were an historically minded people, we should now be going back to the pre-1914 writings of Goldwin Smith, J. S. Ewart, and Mr. Bourassa.

ECONOMY

SIR HENRY DRAYTON, with a party of friends, has been touring Western Canada in a special car and preaching economy to the inhabitants on behalf of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. The annual bulletin prepared by Professor Wm. Allen of the University of Saskatchewan on farm prospects for 1934 reports that the wheat crop in Saskatchewan, taking the five-year period of 1924-28 as a norm, supplied the farmers of that province with an income which in 1929 was two-thirds of the average, in 1930 two-fifths, in 1931 one-fifth, in 1932 one-quarter, and in 1933 one-fifth. In 1933, four-fifths of the income from wheat would have been required to pay the annual interest on farm debts in Saskatchewan, and two-fifths more would have been required to pay taxes. These are the people to whom Sir Henry Drayton preaches economy from his special car. The stupidity of our business men in Montreal and Toronto is so colossal that it probably never occurred to the magnates of the Chamber of Commerce that such a performance might be considered insulting by the queer-minded people who live upon the prairie. What do these comfortable business men mean by economy? Sir Henry has made this perfectly clear. They mean to cut down the social services which are provided by our various governments, and they mean to begin on education. The sole purpose of the present economy campaign is to save as much government revenue as possible for the service of debt charges. Whatever else happens, our electorates must be kept from the horrible thought of cutting down interest rates or of forcing debt adjustments. The investing classes must not have their incomes touched whatever may be the sufferings of the great mass of the people. We doubt if, after four years of depression, our ordinary citizens are any longer quite simple-minded enough to be taken in by this transparent Chamber of Commerce racket.

THE LIBERALS COOPERATE

NOT the least interesting result of the Stevens investigation has been the flurry of perturbation resulting in the ranks of the Liberal party. The policy of masterly inactivity—the only policy which the party seems to possess—has received a very rude shock indeed. It was one thing to wait in confident patience while the Conservatives alternated between refusing to do anything and persisting in doing the wrong thing. But here was a spectacular display of activity which it was impossible to ignore. The first tendency, in accord with the revived *laissez-faire* ideas of the party, was to try to block any effective action by discrediting the

evidence brought forward, and to pave the way for a demand that Business be Let Alone. But the revelations of the first few sessions were too startling; it was soon clear that this course would end by leaving the Liberals in the position of defenders of a predatory and discredited Big Business. The only alternative was a complete reversal of tactics and a demand that the scope of the investigation be widened to include the great financial houses—presumably because of the greater preponderance of Tories in these abodes of iniquity. Let them go to it, say we. When both parties begin to compete in their eagerness to expose the abuses of the present system, public enlightenment will proceed apace. There are already signs that the investigation is cutting far deeper than its authors expected, and that staunch contributors to Conservative funds are in danger of being wounded in the house of their friends. May we urge them to balance this by a sweeping investigation of that Liberal paradise of economic abuses, the Province of Quebec.

BIG BUSINESS IN THE DOCK

THERE is one interesting feature of the Stevens investigations at Ottawa which is being widely commented on in private conversations though none of our newspapers has dared to draw attention to it. That is the sorry figure cut by our big business men when they come under real cross-examination. They start out, like Wiggin and Mitchell in Washington, by striking a high moral attitude and gradually become more and more flustered and bad-tempered as it is revealed that their moralizing has no relation to their actual business practices. They bluster indignantly when evidence is produced about the real scale of wages which they have been paying, or the real methods by which they do their bargaining, but they fail to produce any contrary evidence and in the end are driven to declare their ignorance of what their own concerns have been doing. Revelations of this kind have been long overdue in Canada. Our business potentates have been playing the part of Sir Oracle too long, and their habit of domineering by the sheer brute force of financial power has made them over-confident that when they open their mouths no dog will bark. A little deflation of their pomposity will be all to the good. Unfortunately, there will not be much deflation of them in this inquiry. Mr. Stevens is interested only in attacking Liberal business men; and the learned counsel of the House of Commons committee, to put it very mildly, is no Pecora.

BIGGER NAVIES

TO the admirers of President Roosevelt, the Vinson Bill for a vast increase in naval construction can bring nothing but gloom. All the expressions of international good will uttered by the President in the past year cannot obscure the fact that his fair words have had no result whatever in the way of definite action. It is thus all the more deplorable that his first major step should be one which, far from ameliorating the problems of the world, is perfectly timed to accentuate a crisis which is already developing all too rapidly. There is not the slightest excuse for a policy of increased arma-

ments on the part of the United States. The plea that it is a relief project is too hollow to stand examination. The assertion that there is no aggressive intention behind the measure, if taken seriously, only means that the step is futile and ridiculous. No danger threatens the United States. No country, not even Japan, menaces her present naval position. Yet a new policy of naval construction deliberately invites an increase of international rivalry which may end by creating just such a menace, and which will in the meantime give a death blow to any faint lingering hopes for any step in the direction of disarmament. There are too many interested parties eager to seize, with whatever insincerity, upon the American action to clamour for increased armaments all round. Already those interests in Britain have made use of their opportunity to get an increased arms programme presented to Parliament; and the path of Japan in pressing for an abandonment of the arrangements made at Washington and London has become incalculably easier. The President, by supporting the bill, has done an incalculable disservice to the cause of peace and recovery.

BIG BAD RED

THE coincidence of the Toronto Centennial with the trial, in that fair city, of Mr. A. E. Smith on a charge of sedition was too happy to escape notice. Nothing could typify more beautifully the spirit of Toronto in the past. We can only hope that the verdict of acquittal is a sign of regeneration which will be of happy augury for the new century which it inaugurated. Without holding any brief for the views or the language of Mr. Smith, we feel that his acquittal was vital in the interests of civil liberty in the whole of the Dominion. The successful application of the law of sedition to a case of this kind would be a long step forward in the campaign of repression which has been going on steadily for the past four years. Its failure encourages one to think that the average man may no longer feel that existing conditions are above criticism, or that critics are so dangerous that society can only survive by incarcerating them at the first signs of disaffection. One hopes, too, that the complete ineptitude of the police in their testimony may so discredit this type of activity that it will no longer be possible. And we may express the further hope that the assertion of the prosecuting counsel that the liberties of Hyde Park were impossible of application in Toronto—an assertion which represents the consistent attitude of the local authorities—had due weight in deciding the jury to acquit. It is too much to hope that this will bring an end to the talk about British justice and British liberty; but it may make it impossible for such talk to carry any further weight when uttered by the people who are most busily engaged in the destruction of both these ideals.

THE SISTER PROVINCES

IN that remote age before 1929, the newspapers and public men of Ontario and Quebec used to while away the silly season, and much of the rest of the year, in innocent comparisons of the two provinces. Which had the vaster area of untapped natural resources? Which the richer? Was Mont-

real or Toronto ultimately destined to outstrip the other and become the metropolis of Canada? Even the more ponderous organs of the two Canadas would devote lengthy editorials to the discussion of these and kindred topics without ever reaching a decision as to where the final supremacy lay. In the past few months this rivalry seems to have broken out afresh, but the old charm has fled. The new struggle is no longer for first place but for second to last. The question now seems to be: which province has the more appalling labour conditions? Or, alternatively, does Ontario show itself more intolerant of free speech than Quebec? Shock battalions of experts at Mr. Stevens' probe into mass-buying hurl charges and counter-charges regarding sweated labour in the industrial centres on either side of the inter-provincial line. The man in the street will probably not go far wrong if he comes to the conclusion that both Montreal and Toronto have some extensive cleaning up to do. As for the free speech issue, as that doughty crusader Mr. R. L. Calder has shown in a recent address, neither province has much to pride itself on. Is Mr. Price more intolerant than Mr. Taschereau? Is Mr. Taschereau more mediaeval than Mr. Price? It would be hard to say. Is the pot blacker than the kettle? Is the kettle blacker than the pot?

REARMAMENT

DESPITE prophesies to the contrary, Dollfuss and his band of Fascists seem likely to retain their control over Austria. The reasons are not due to his popularity with the Austrian people—a large proportion of whom would prefer to join Germany—but because of Mussolini. All along it has been evident that Italy did not want Germany as a neighbour, and was prepared to take strong measures to prevent it. Today, in addition, it seems clear that Mussolini has larger ambitions, among them an alliance with Austria and Hungary which will not only separate France from the Little Entente but will isolate and surround Jugo-Slavia. When one realizes that Jugo-Slavia for fifteen years has been the chief obstacle to Italian dreams of territorial expansion, one cannot help feeling that 'Serbia' may again provide the excuse for another European war. But whether the war breaks out or not, it is certain that the whole of the post-war system of alliances and arrangements in Europe is in the melting pot and no one can tell at this stage what form the new alignments will take. Of one thing, however, even Mr. Baldwin seems clear, and that is that disarmament has become rearmament. In every country in the danger zones, and even in the United States where the danger is not so apparent, rearmament is under way and the usual demands are being made for, and the usual arguments are being trotted out in support of increases to the army, the navy, and the air force. Just where we go from here is not so certain, but Japan seems determined to demand naval equality with Britain and the United States in 1936, when the Washington Treaty arrangements come up for reconsideration, and all the indications are that at that time the lid will come off properly, and we shall see who will first become bankrupt in the race for naval superiority in the Pacific. Unfortunately, Britain has Europe to

think about as well, and while aerial armaments are not as expensive as battleships, she is likely to be a poor third even with Australian and New Zealand assistance. But the possibility of some working arrangement or understanding between themselves and the United States continues to console the more naive of English politicians and we may expect a continuance of visiting lecturers like Professor Zimmern and Dr. Blumenfeld, with their visions of Anglo-American partnerships and of a new League with Washington as its Mecca and Roosevelt as its Prophet. Unfortunately, the benefits to be derived from such an arrangement have not yet occurred to the average American, and even to a loyal Canadian they are somewhat obscure.

HEIL DOLLFUSS

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago last summer a Von Starhemberg was instrumental in saving Vienna and Europe from the Turkish barbarians. His gesture seems to have been largely futile, for by one of those little ironies of history Vienna has fallen after all, and this time the leader of the barbarians was another Von Starhemberg. Down goes another bulwark of democracy, but Europe is not unduly alarmed. After all, Europe is getting quite used to slipping to perdition from one lesser evil to the next one with the funeral pyres of gutted social democracies to blaze the trail. It can probably be proved by A plus B plus C that it is better to stifle the Austrian Socialists in their own blood than that Hitler should rule in Vienna. After all, think of the prestige of the western powers and think of their bank loans. Herr Dollfuss and his Fascist bosses have done their work well. All last summer and all this winter that pocket St. George of the Danube has been conducting his publicity campaign abroad. Then when the moment was ripe, when all the jealousies were in league—purse-bruised jealousies of the Viennese bourgeoisie, ignorant distorted jealousies of the peasants from the provinces—then, stab Red Vienna in the back, turn guns on the women and children in the Karl Marx Hof for the honour of Austrian civilization, and wipe out in four days the bravest social experiment west of the borders of the Soviet Union the post-war world has seen. *Te Deum laudamus*; a Prince of the Church named Piffi gives thanks that Vienna is Christian again.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, who have been responsible for the maintenance of THE CANADIAN FORUM for seven years, and are happy to have thus enabled it to maintain its independence, though at constant loss to themselves, now take leave of THE CANADIAN FORUM readers and of the editorial committee with gratitude for their support, and wish the new proprietors every success.

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP IN CANADA

IN the last week of February the *Manchester Guardian* published a notable manifesto on Democracy and Leadership. It was signed not only by such Labour men as Philip Noel Baker, Hugh Dalton, Leonard Woolf, Arnold Forster, and A. D. Lindsay, but also by many Liberals and by such Conservatives as Sir Basil Blackett, Lord Cecil, and Mr. Harold Macmillan. The manifesto is a plea for leadership. 'The modern world is confronted by a new wave of violence in political thought and action. . . . The alternative to these freely canvassed methods of violence and dictatorship is not, as some despairingly imagine, a supine resignation to the slow and timid measures of advance which have hitherto been associated with the functioning of democracy. We believe that there is an increasing number of men and women in this country who would be prepared to see the Parliamentary machine used for swift and far-reaching measures both of international and economic reorganization, if the programme of such measures were submitted to them on its merits alone. They are alienated by threats of revolutionary action or arbitrary repression; but they are ready to respond to a bold lead in which they are asked for intelligent co-operation and not browbeaten into unintelligent submission.' The signatories of the manifesto go on to state their belief in the need for a degree of conscious design in our internal and international relations, and conclude: 'Unless our vast new electorate is treated seriously it may in desperation take refuge from its problems in the false security of dictatorship. . . . If modern democracy is to survive, the electors must not be threatened or played down to; they must be informed, convinced, and led. By this way and not by way of violence can an opportunity be afforded for applying to our economic life principles of order and design without the sacrifice of spontaneity and freedom.'

The most notable speech in the present session of our Canadian Parliament has been that of Mr. Bourassa on January 30th; and, significantly enough, it was about the same theme as the English manifesto. 'I am no revolutionist by temperament, but I come into contact with the people who suffer. . . . Governments change but the sufferings continue, with the result that the people are beginning to doubt either the will or strength of parliaments and governments and parties to remedy the situation.' After pleading for a union of parties to supply the necessary leadership, he concludes by reiterating his appeal that something be done 'to restore what is badly needed, the faith of the people in our parliamentary institutions and in parliamentary government. For I can tell you that it is going down and down and down quite rapidly'.

The weakness of both these appeals, in England and in Canada, is that they are very vague as to the nature of the concrete policies into which the much-to-be-desired leadership is to lead us. It is impossible to tackle our national problems at any point with sincerity without raising at once the issue of conflicting class interests. Appeals to reason and to good-will, which ignore these vital conflicts of

class interest, are certain to end in the same futility to which our party politics has already brought us. But both the Englishmen and Mr. Bourassa have drawn our attention forcefully to the doom which awaits our present form of democracy if it cannot produce a leadership more vigorous and constructive and persuasive than any which seems likely to emerge in the near future in either Britain or Canada.

* * *

It is clear that no such effective leadership is yet in sight in Canada. American liberalism has shown us the way, and we are now witnessing an heroic effort in the United States to adapt the American liberal tradition to the needs of the crisis and to reform American economic institutions without transforming them. The first year of the experiment leaves its successful outcome very doubtful. The determined sabotage of the President's policies by the big business interests makes it more than likely that the ultimate result of the New Deal will be an American version of the corporate state. But the resourcefulness, courage, and persistence of the President may yet carry him into far more radical policies, and he has at least shown that democracy need not inevitably abandon itself to dull despair. But who will have the hardihood to suggest that our Canadian Liberalism has within it the possibilities of such leadership as Roosevelt has been giving to the United States? There is not even the possibility at Ottawa of a Wallace or a Perkins or an Ickes. Canadian Liberals are not thinking constructively. From Mr. Dafoe down they are repeating the old formulae about liberty, by which they mean chiefly the liberty to acquire property and do what you like with it. 'The people are sick of twaddle about liberty when they have no liberty.'

We are now being asked to believe by some incurable romantics that the real hope of this country is a revived Tory Democracy. Presumably it is to march forth under the leadership of that staunch democrat, the future Earl of Calgary. But the democracy, on investigation, soon turns out to be only the ballyhoo of the little business man whose desperate efforts to avoid being swallowed up by the big fellows are now being turned to good political account by Mr. Stevens. The little business man, as an independent economic unit, is doomed. The parallel to Mr. Stevens' crusade in American history is the trust-busting career of the first Roosevelt; and if the present committee at Ottawa is anything more than an election stunt, one may safely predict that it is destined for the same futility as the once famous Square Deal of the inimitable Teddy. There was once a genuine Tory democracy in Ontario which was embarked upon a potentially far-reaching campaign for public ownership. But it was finally stifled by the astute Mr. Ferguson during the last boom, and no other part of Canada has ever produced a native Tory movement with any dynamic ideas in it at all.

As for the C.C.F., the only political group who have a coherent policy, and who have carried their analysis deep enough to touch the real causes of our sickness, it is clear that in Eastern Canada at least they have not succeeded in making much real impact. They have failed to unite farmers and urban workers in any genuine cooperation, and the middle

class remain largely untouched by socialist teaching. The Ontario farmer is reverting to his congenial petty individualism and is proposing to elect independent farmers to Parliament as in the early days of the U.F.O. and in the still earlier days of Patronism. The bulk of the workers are still outside of both social-democrat and communist movements and are waiting to be swept into the net of the first plausible demagogue that comes along.

The effect of the depression in Canada so far has really been to produce a widespread attitude of mind which is exactly that which in Europe provided the soil for the growth of Fascism. The great majority of Canadians are uneasy, perplexed, and frightened about their individual and collective future; they are deeply disillusioned with the quality of the democratic leadership which is available to them. They are afraid to face any fundamental reconstruction of their institutions. They are in a mood to be captured by a movement of passion and panic which promises definite action; and they are not politically well enough educated to save themselves from being made the dupes of the same kind of appeals as those which captured the middle classes and the agriculturists of Germany and Italy.

It would be an absurd exaggeration to pretend that Canada is yet ripe for Fascism. Our middle classes have not yet experienced the hopeless disintegration of their inherited economic institutions, there is not yet a deep enough sense of national frustration, and we have not yet been accustomed to the gangster methods of organized bodies of rowdies in uniform which are the necessary preliminary to a Fascist dictatorship. Nor will the most typical phenomena of Fascism appear as long as there is no radical left-wing movement powerful enough to challenge the position of our governing classes. Our Canadian capitalists will no doubt allow our 'free' institutions to continue as long as they can control them with such little effort as at present. But in the absence of any resolute leadership of a democratic kind in tackling our fundamental problems we shall drift aimlessly until the conditions are ripe for a Fascist reaction. This is what has happened or is happening all over Europe, and there is no reason why we should imagine ourselves immune from the same logical development.

* * *

The weakness of our Canadian society is that we have no radical tradition in our past. We have never gone through a generation or a decade when we were compelled to discuss the fundamentals of our institutions. There is always an anaemic quality to the life of a people who lack such an experience. The deep-rooted colonialism of our national psychology, the fact that all our institutions are derivative from either Britain or the United States, has had a debilitating effect upon our communal life. In politics we have had no upheavals of revolt which got beyond being mere protest movements such as those of the Grits in the 1850's and 1860's or of the Progressives in the 1920's. In religion the struggle between Protestants and Catholics has absorbed our energies and prevented the development in either religious camp of any radicalism, theological or social. (Who now ever remembers to inquire how far forward the United Church got in that Forward Move-

ment about which there was such a pother some dozen years ago?) In education we have been still more backward. Our schools have always been but pale imitations of experiments started by more vigorous and enterprising peoples elsewhere. Look where we will, it is impossible to discern any nucleus of resistance which might be effective against the reaction which is sweeping the rest of the world.

We should especially beware of deceiving ourselves into the belief that the younger generation in Canada, in our schools and universities, is seething with radical constructive ideas. It can never be too often repeated that radicalism, to be effective, requires a social background and tradition. The question, 'Dare the School build a new social order?', which is now being asked with ever greater insistence in certain educational circles in the United States, has hardly yet suggested itself to our Canadian teachers and students. The fact is that our higher educational institutions in this country do not set out to educate their students for public service, but to fit them for a privileged social position in their later life. The Canadian university students are trained to believe that they are an elite who de-

serve the better things of life, and now that they are graduating to find none of these better jobs available for them, they are going through exactly the same evolution as was experienced by German university students in the decade after 1919. The depression is not making socialists of them, but fascists. If ever a Fascist movement starts in Canada it will sweep over our universities like wildfire, and neither among the student body nor among the shabby-genteel professorate will there be any effective opposition to it. McGill and Toronto are already ripe for a fine anti-semitic outburst.

What all this comes to is that, if we are to be saved from a Fascist reaction in Canada, it will be because of what happens in Britain and the United States rather than because of any native powers of resistance of our own. If British or American democracy proves capable of a radical re-adjustment of its institutions to the new needs of a new day we may drift along behind such leadership in the future as in the past. In the meantime, let us take to heart the truth that Fascism comes to modern capitalist democracies because their democratic leaders fail to provide any solution for the inherent contradictions of their capitalism.

F. H. U.

CAN THE LEAGUE BE SAVED?

A Second Article on Canadian Foreign Policy

By ESCOTT REID

The German withdrawal from the League of Nations and the recent criticisms of the League by the Italian Government place this country in a position where it must choose between alternative policies; one fatal and bound in the end to lead to war, the other perilous perhaps, yet ultimately affording a prospect of permanent peace. The fatal policy is to attempt merely to postpone war, and so to drift back to the international anarchy of the years before 1914. The perilous but hopeful policy is to move forward by strengthening the collective peace system. This can only be achieved by a bold act of initiative on the part of the British Government, whose lead is likely to be followed.

(Letter to the New Statesman, December 23rd, 1933, signed, among others, by Lord Allen of Hurtwood, Philip Noel Baker, Sir Charles Trevelyan and Leonard Woolf).

IF the collective system can only be saved by the British National government, the situation, indeed, appears hopeless; and Canada should perhaps decide immediately on the foreign policy she ought to pursue in a world of international anarchy. Since, however, Canada's future in such a world, regardless of the foreign policy she might pursue, seems so bleak, the Canadian government ought immediately to make a final gallant attempt to persuade the British government to initiate a bold programme for strengthening the collective peace system.

The Canadian attempt, to be effective, would have to be accompanied by threats and promises. Two threats should be made: the first that if steps

were not taken immediately to make the collective system a reality Canada would with great regret be compelled to give notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations, since it would be obvious that it was no longer a real League but only one of the competing alliances of Europe; the second, that at the same time Canada would have to declare her intention of remaining neutral in all overseas wars. The promises would be that Canada, in order to co-operate loyally and effectively in the establishment of a real collective system was prepared to take her full share of the necessary sacrifices of immediate national interests. The extent and nature of the Canadian sacrifices would have to be made very clear. They would have to be even more precise than the general peace programme which Canada was putting forward.

Since the general peace programme would be composed only of policies whose adoption is essential in order to create a world organization effective enough permanently to preserve peace and not merely to postpone war, it would, subject to minor modifications, have to be accepted or rejected as a whole. The Canadian sacrifices would, therefore, be conditional upon the other states of the world making approximately equal sacrifices.

The way in which Canada might most effectively initiate a peace programme would be for her government first to endeavour through diplomatic channels to secure the adherence to this programme not only of the government of the United Kingdom but also of the other governments of the Commonwealth, and of the government of the United States. If unanimous agreement between these governments

could not be reached at an early date, those states which were in substantial agreement should, in a joint declaration, urge openly on the world the acceptance of the peace programme. In the event of its rejection, Canada would then be compelled to carry out her threats to withdraw from the League and to declare her intention of remaining neutral in all overseas wars, recognizing that this latter declaration would probably involve secession from the Commonwealth once the United Kingdom were to become involved in a first-class war.

In view of the importance of an agreement being reached by the Disarmament Conference, the first question to be considered would seem to be the contribution which Canada might make to prevent the failure of the Conference. Yet to try to answer this question directly is to show an utter misconception of the real nature of the disarmament problem. As Madariaga has said: 'The problem of disarmament is not the problem of disarmament; it is the problem of the setting up and the organization of the world community.' Canada, though she has only a minor contribution to make by disarming, may make a very great contribution to the organization of the world community.

In order that the world community may be able to ensure both peace and justice it must fulfil the following requirements. It must be founded upon the renunciation by all nations of the use of force as an instrument of national policy. The sincerity of that renunciation must be made evident by immediate destruction by all nations of the arms denied Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, and by an engagement that, within a final period of say ten or fifteen years, and by stages, all national armaments should be simultaneously and entirely abolished. In order to diminish the number and intensity of international disputes effective machinery must be set up for the elimination, as far as possible, of the causes of those disputes. Since disputes will, nevertheless, arise, some substitute for war must be provided as a method of settling them. Machinery is therefore necessary for the just settlement of all disputes, even if these disputes arise out of matters which are now considered to be solely within the domestic jurisdiction of states.

The world community must also be so nearly universal that it includes at least all the great powers. The last stipulation does not mean that all the great powers should be members of the League, though that would be the ultimate objective. It does mean the return of Japan and Germany to the League and the adherence of the United States and the Soviet Union to a Disarmament Convention under which they and all other states had agreed to accept the supervision of a permanent disarmament commission; to consult if the Disarmament Treaty or Kellogg Pact were broken; and if a violation were established, to prohibit the sale to the recalcitrant state of armaments and of those dozen or so raw materials indispensable to the manufacture of armaments. Finally, a well-organized world community must have power to enforce its law. The penalties or sanctions for breaches of its law must be definite, certain, and automatic.

Such are the bare outlines of the organization of that world community which the peace programme

to be put forward by the Canadian government should seek to establish. What are the sacrifices of immediate national interests which Canada can offer to make in order to assist in the realization of this programme?

Canada's greatest contribution would be in helping to eliminate the causes of international disputes, the most serious of which arise out of such matters as access to the sea, trade routes, markets, raw materials, colonial opportunities, minorities and boundaries, all of which lie exclusively within the domestic jurisdiction of states and are not subject to international law unless covered by special treaty arrangement.

In order to help to remove the causes of disputes on matters such as these, Canada would have to retire from the position of intransigent nationalism which she has consistently taken at Geneva. She must, for example, be willing to accept some sort of international supervision over the distribution of raw materials instead of vetoing the mere proposal that the League should investigate the problem, as she did at the first League Assembly, thereby dealing one of the earliest and most fatal blows to the effectiveness of the League system. Obviously, international supervision of the distribution of raw materials would be of little value if its purpose were simply the regulation of international competition; it would have to develop into international economic planning in the interests of consumers and producers alike. Nor could the application of the principle of international planning be restricted to the sphere of the production and distribution of raw materials, and international investment, since at present because of the lack of international control, nations have the legal right to ruin the economy of other states.

The introduction and enforcement of minimum labour standards is one of the first essentials of the establishment of the world community, since, as the Treaty of Versailles recognized, universal peace cannot be established unless social justice has been attained, for there exist today as there did when Part XIII of the Treaty was drawn up establishing the International Labour Organization 'conditions of labour involving such injustice, hardship and privation to large numbers of people as to produce unrest so great that the peace and harmony of the world are imperilled'.

Canada has hitherto given little support to the work of the International Labour Organization. She has claimed that the federal parliament is constitutionally incapable of ratifying most of the conventions which are adopted since they touch on matters of property and civil rights over which the provinces alone have jurisdiction. If this contention is correct, the Canadian constitution must be amended so that the federal government will have the power to ratify the conventions of the International Labour Office. Having expressed her intention of doing this, Canada should then urge the adoption of the forty-hour week convention demanded in 1933 by the governments of Italy, France, Sweden and Spain, and opposed by the governments of Great Britain, Germany and Japan. She should also urge the adoption of an international minimum wage convention.

It is in this economic and social field that Canada can make her greatest contribution to the building

up of the world community. She can also, strange though it may seem, make a contribution on those two subjects—minorities and disarmament—about which her delegates at Geneva have been fondest of giving speeches.

She can assist in securing just treatment for minorities all over the world by proposing that the minority obligations of the peace treaties be made universal and their enforcement supervised by a permanent minorities commission of the League. In this way the minorities to which the present treaties apply may receive somewhat greater protection than at present, and protection may also be afforded to other minorities such as the Germans in Italy and the Jews in Germany. By this method "Irredentism" would be usefully subjected to birth control. The result within Canada would be to extend greatly the rights of French and Roman Catholic minorities, and to enfranchise Canadian nationals of Oriental descent and make them eligible for admission to various professions from which they are now excluded.

In order to make a direct contribution to disarmament, Canada can express her willingness to accept the internationalization of civil aviation and the regulation of her nickel industry by the permanent disarmament commission.

There are various ways in which Canada can help to diminish the number or intensity of international disputes. She can support the application of the mandate principle to all colonies, thereby losing the preferential position in British colonies granted her at the Ottawa Conference. As an example to other nations in asking voluntary changes in order to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of other nations, she can repeal her Chinese Immigration Act which excludes all Chinese immigrants from Canada and put in its place a quota arrangement similar to that made with Japan, under which at present 150 Japanese immigrants a year are allowed to enter Canada. She can also agree to an amendment of Article 19 of the Covenant under which treaties could be revised or changes made in national legislation by a two-thirds majority of the Assembly, including all the states which are members of the Council. Finally, she can help to strengthen the network of treaties by which states have agreed to settle peacefully disputes with other states on the question of the interpretation of their existing legal rights. This she can do by withdrawing her reservations to the Optional Clause and the General Act of Arbitration, by signing an all-in arbitration treaty with the United States and a pact of non-aggression with the Soviet Union, and by adhering to the Litvinoff Convention for Defining Aggression.

In spite of all the steps which can be taken to prevent disputes from arising, or for settling them once they have arisen, sanctions or penalties for not observing the rules of the world community will be necessary. To be effective these sanctions of the League should be definite, certain, and automatic. They may be made definite by the laying down in advance of certain stages in their application, ranging from the breaking off of diplomatic relations to the use of the international civil air force as police. They may be made certain by amending the Covenant so that if the Council cannot decide by a unanimous vote which state is the aggressor, it must by a

two-thirds vote enjoin an armistice, and the state which violates that armistice will be deemed the aggressor. In order to make the sanctions automatic they must become operative as soon as the Council has called upon the signatory states to apply them; Canada and all other states must not retain their present right to decide for themselves whether a breach of the Covenant has taken place. Nor must it be necessary to summon Parliament before putting into effect economic sanctions. The Canadian Parliament must pass an enabling act giving the government power by order-in-council to put into effect the economic sanctions of the League, once the Council has requested that this should be done. The enabling act should also authorize the government to bear its fair share of the cost of any League boycott, and to compensate Canadian citizens who suffer direct loss from the imposition of a boycott as well as to expropriate the gains of Canadian citizens who make profits because of a boycott.

One other way in which the collective system might be strengthened is for every government formally to recognize the duty of its citizens to be disloyal to it if it is disloyal to its international obligations. Every state should therefore embody its international obligations in its national law, so that individual citizens and labour organizations may be legally entitled to resist any breach of international law. In Canada, these engagements might form part of the British North America Act, or preferably part of a charter of rights which should also include the rights of the French minority and which could be amended only with the consent of all provincial legislatures and of both Houses of the Canadian Parliament.

In order that the Canadian government might be able to carry out its obligations were this peace programme adopted, its machinery for dealing with external affairs would have to be strengthened very considerably. It would, for example, be essential that the Department of External Affairs be put in charge of a senior minister who would hold no other portfolio and that the Department be greatly enlarged; that a separate parliamentary committee on external affairs be established and used to the fullest possible extent; that informed delegations be sent to the meetings of the League of Nations and of the International Labour Organization; that further Canadian legations be established and that the Canadian representative in Geneva be considered as holding the most important post in the Canadian diplomatic service.

The obvious objection to the peace programme which has just been sketched is that it is utopian, that there is no chance of it being accepted either by foreign states or by the Canadian government or people. Let us be content, the critics say, with some modest programme which has a reasonable chance of success. But once these critics are forced to state their modest and realist programme in precise terms it is immediately obvious that the utmost that can be accomplished by them is the postponement of war for a brief period. They will not stop the world from drifting back to the state of international anarchy which existed before 1914.

Not only would modest programmes, if carried out, fail to solve the difficulties, but they stand no chance of being carried out. Only a bold, far-reach-

ing programme will be accepted today since only such a programme can offer real concessions to all states with grievances, and that means to all states, since all have grievances. Unfortunately, a bold programme in Canada would have opposed to it to-

day all those who fear international controls over tariffs, immigration, labour legislation, or raw materials, i.e., all those who, though they want peace, want at the same time things which can ultimately only be obtained by war.

THE FASCIST PROVINCE

By J. E. KEITH

THE Liberal government in Quebec is liberal in the sense that the National-Socialist government in Germany is socialist—that is to say, in the non-sense. Its programme, as disclosed by action taken while in office (it does not bother to offer a paper programme) may be described as pure *laissez-faire* illuminated by touches of fascism.

Mr. Taschereau stands for private ownership in industry and public utilities, especially electric power, and is himself closely tied up with the power trust. He has refused to bring the province under the Dominion Old Age Pensions scheme, although advised to do so by his own Social Insurance Commission in 1932. The shamefully inadequate labour legislation which is on the Quebec statute books is not even properly enforced, as recent evidence before the Stevens' Committee made startlingly clear, and no real improvements are being proposed. Labour is so unprotected in the province that the *Montreal Gazette*, purest spokesman for high finance, can find no stronger denunciation for the Department of Labour at Quebec than that its activities are 'creating uncertainty where formerly there was a sense of perfect security'. A new law is about to be passed making collective wage agreements, when adopted by an employer, compulsory on all similar firms in that district; the international unions see in the measure a threat to the right to strike and the beginning of the corporative state. No attempt is being made to lessen the gross inequalities of wealth by a fairer system of taxation.

The suppression of freedom of speech is ruthless and persistent. The latest move in this direction, the David Bill, which would make it an offence to distribute circulars calling a public meeting unless the chief of police approved, is merely symptomatic of the general attitude. The iron heel is showing itself with a vengeance. So far to the right is Mr. Taschereau that there is no room for the provincial Conservatives except on his left, and theirs are the only voices calling—but how faintly!—for a more humane and liberal policy. The party roles are completely reversed.

Four and a half years of depression, in fact, have done little else than reveal how harmonious are the relations between the three persons in the provincial trinity—the Liberal Party machine, the Roman Church, and St. James Street. Scarcely a rift has appeared to disturb the equilibrium of the theopluto-bureaucracy. The editorials of the *Montreal Gazette* would make ideal pastoral letters for the parish priests to read from pulpits; the episcopal denunciations of Socialism and Communism must turn the *Gazette* leader-writers pale with envy; Mr. Taschereau could not denounce the C.C.F. as

divinely as Archbishop Gauthier has done it. The totalitarian state could hardly be more united.

It must be admitted that all three powers have handled the difficulties of these latter years with considerable skill. Mr. Taschereau rides more firmly in the saddle than ever. The Conservative opposition, with a heaven-sent opportunity, is too supine, too bound by political tradition, to lead a vigorous attack. Being Conservative, it cannot be radical, and only a radical party could break the governing machine. The once-threatening *Federation des Clubs Ouvriers* is petering out, blind and un-led. To complete the Liberal stranglehold it only remains to deprive Montreal of its self-government and put it under a Quebec-appointed Commission, in order to prevent Mr. Houde or some other unorthodox fellow from obtaining control of the city. On the excuse of economy and good government, with full backing from banks and manufacturers, this change is apparently about to be accomplished. Nothing short of a revolution can prevent Mr. Taschereau's return to power at the provincial elections of 1935. This is the brand of Liberalism Mr. King will have to cope with if he becomes Prime Minister.

On the side of religion, a similar strength prevails. The leaders of the Church have interpreted the depression as a sort of punishment from God upon greedy individuals. It follows that the individual who wants to help matters must contribute more of penance and of pence; he must return to God before he can hope to return to work. It is difficult to know how far this doctrine is believed, but it is certainly preached, and radical movements are denounced far more strongly than the capitalist injustices which produce them. The increased burden of municipal taxes is causing some people to cast critical eyes upon the enormous tax-free properties of the Church, but no hands have as yet been laid upon this source of revenue, except in Ste. Hyacinthe, where in consequence a balanced municipal budget was produced in 1933. With the great investments of the Church not only in lands but in utilities and industrial stocks and bonds, it is not difficult to see why the ecclesiastical authorities attack organizations like the C.C.F. which, they fear, would imperil their economic privileges.

No anti-clerical movement shows any signs of appearing. The only champion of that dangerous cause, Albert St. Martin, has at last been effectively silenced. Hailed into court time and time again for sedition, blasphemy, and numberless other charges usually employed to suppress opinion, he was assaulted and nearly killed last autumn by a band of French hooligans who broke up a meeting of his *Université Ouvrière* and then attacked him with

sticks, cracking open his head. It was his 67th birthday; the police were present in large numbers, but no arrests were made. All is now quiet on the religious front. Mr. Gobeil's devastating charges at Ottawa that the University of Montreal actually had atheists on its staff caused a slight upset recently, but the statement was so vociferously denied, and it was so uncontroversially established that no one was allowed to teach any subject at the University unless he had been previously approved by a board of clerics, that there is obviously no danger of error from that quarter.

And St. James Street? Its position has in many ways been consolidated. The Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company has absorbed some twenty municipal distribution systems since the depression started. Beauharnois power, after the 'cleansing' of the 1930 investigation, has passed quietly into the pockets of the Holt interests. Not one of Quebec's major financial scandals has yet been exposed: Canada Power and Paper, McDougall and Cowans, Price Brothers, etc., have come and gone, leaving ruin for the small investor but no punishment for those responsible. An unusually severe winter will more than pay the fines of the convicted Webster coal companies, assuming the Court of Appeal confirms the trial judgment. One lone Galahad—Harpell—assaulted the financial fortress, but he won only silent sympathy to compensate for his gaol sentence. Even the United Church is feeling pressure from its wealthy laymen for its mildly Christian utterances in favour of social justice. If St. James Street is ever to be called to give an account of its stewardship, the call will have to come from outside the Province of Quebec. Not a person here who knows the facts dare open his mouth.

The outlook for progress in the province, then, is dark at the moment. There are currents moving, bodies of criticism forming, but they have not reached the surface. One or two that have are clearly under expert guidance from above. *Les Jeunes Canada*, for instance, have espoused a programme of social reconstruction which goes as far as public ownership of power and a certain measure of social insurance; yet, significantly enough, some of its members threatened to break up the meeting at which Mr. Woodsworth spoke on March 3rd, shortly after Archbishop Gauthier's denunciation of the C.C.F. They are potential, if not actual fascists.

If discontent grows too prominent among the French masses we may expect a concerted move to deflect it into fascist channels, and to provide the people with scapegoats lest they come to see where the real evil lies. The increasing anti-semitism of the French-Canadian (where are minority rights now?) is evidence of this, and a natural enough tendency to associate trusts with the English race lies ready for exploitation. If there were any French socialist leaders they could use this lever first, and could show how public ownership is the easiest method by which the French-Canadian may regain control of the natural resources which English and American capitalists have stolen from him. But there are no such leaders yet, and the masses are being taught that all will be well if only English capitalists are replaced or controlled by French ones, and all chain and department stores replaced by small, independent retail merchants, and all unem-

ployed persons set to work on the abandoned farms. So completely is the French-Canadian deprived of literature not approved by authorities that very little of the fundamental criticisms of capitalism available for English Canadians have reached him. His mind is so indoctrinated that one would probably have to go to the Ontario Orangemen to find its equal.

There are two possible ways in which an intelligent reform movement might start. One is that a leader may spring from the people. All one can say of this is that he is not in sight. The other possibility is that the C.C.F. might take root, and might provide a rallying point for the progressive forces. The Church's attitude by no means makes this impossible—in fact, it probably assists through publicity. It must not be forgotten that there is no absolute ban on the C.C.F. The Church as a whole has not spoken, but only one bishop, and he has merely issued a strong warning. The Church made a similar attempt to destroy the youthful Laurier, and failed. The last meeting held by Mr. Woodsworth in Montreal, at which over 1,300 French-Canadians were present, was enthusiastic. If French leadership can be found, the miracle might be worked. The political field is wide open for radicals: both the other parties are thoroughly discredited at the moment. One thing is certain. If Quebec should ever adopt socialism, even of the C.C.F. brand, Canada will be an exciting place to live in. We Anglo-Saxons are dull fellows beside the French when it comes to politics.

PAGAN RESURRECTION

Now that high spring is come, these Christian men

Gather to resurrect their Lord again;

Unto this earth he came, and meekly died

To save their souls. Their souls are petrified.

(If they have souls, indeed! I sit here hating
Their smug, self-righteous faces, waiting—
waiting—)

They killed my god in Paxos, long ago,

He also rose, but this they do not know;

He is the oldest god, and shall live on

Pan the High Pasturer, when Christ is gone.

(Tense is the night, and all the springtime
earth

Waits tensely with me for the strange re-
birth).

Can they not feel beneath the organ's moan

The low, wind-water, wistful undertone,

The syrinx voice that, dimly heard and far,

Flings its keen melody from star to star?

(For all their holiness, they still must mark

This voice that mocks them, from the outer
dark!)

ARTHUR MAYSE

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

THE FUTURE OF THE JEW IN CANADA

By STEWART McCULLOUGH

TO retell the whole story of the growth of the Jewish population in Canada would not serve our immediate purpose, although it would be a tale of unexpected interest.* It is, for instance, a rather curious fact that the first Jewess to set foot on Canada, Esther Brandeau, came to Quebec in 1738 disguised as a boy under the name of Jacques La Fargue. After her true identity became known, her presence caused the French authorities some embarrassment, and eventually the attractive twenty-year-old girl was shipped back to France, the expense of her passage being borne by no one less than Louis XV. While these and other details of Jewish contacts with Canada under the French regime are not unimportant, the history of the Jews in this country does not actually begin until the British conquest. The first comers were largely of British, Spanish, and Portuguese descent or birth, and settled principally in what is now the province of Quebec. In 1768 some of those living in Montreal met together and organized the first Jewish congregation in Canada, and in 1777 they built the first Canadian synagogue.

The question of Jewish disabilities was raised in 1807, when Ezekiel Hart, a prominent Jewish citizen of Three Rivers (where he was born in 1770), was elected to the Legislative Assembly. Hart insisted upon taking his oath according to the Jewish custom, and he was therefore refused his seat in the house. He was reelected by his constituents in 1808, but he was once more not allowed to take his seat, this time on the ground that he was a Jew. This naturally gave rise to much controversy, and it was not until 1831 that a bill was passed which granted Jews the same rights and privileges as those enjoyed by other subjects in the province. When we remember that the Jews in England were not admitted to Parliament until 1859, we Canadians can well be proud of the liberal attitude displayed at this time by the Quebec Legislature.

The number of Jews in Canada in the first half of the last century was almost insignificant, for in the census of 1851, only 451 of them were recorded as living in the upper and lower provinces. It was not until the latter half of the century, when the whole American continent received waves of European immigrants, and when Jews were leaving Europe in the face of new forms of anti-Semitism, that the Jewish population in Canada began to noticeably increase. This growth has continued during the last few decades, as the following Dominion census figures on the Jewish religion show:

1901	16,401
1911	74,564
1921	125,197
1931	155,614

It may be said in passing that most of these Jewish newcomers to Canada during the last eighty years have been from central and eastern Europe, particularly from Germany, Poland, and Russia. Further, it may be observed that the Jews in this land have shown a tendency, which is also to be seen elsewhere, to follow the more sedentary occupations and

to abstain from the practice of agriculture. They have been active in trade, commerce, and industry, and they have also entered the professions, whereas it was estimated in 1925 (I do not know how accurately) that only about 5,000 Jews were to be found on Canadian farms. Consequently Jews are to be met with in Canada principally in the towns and cities. Indeed, in 1921 over sixty per cent. of the entire Jewish population of Canada lived in Montreal and Toronto.

In respect to the religion of Canadian Jewry, it may be said that at present it displays three main tendencies. First of all, there is Orthodox Judaism, which is the faith of the vast majority of Canadian Jews. This may be described as Jewish fundamentalism, and is based upon a *prima facie* view of the Hebrew scriptures and upon the rabbinical traditions. Secondly there is Reformed or Liberal Judaism, which is analogous to Protestant modernism, and which treats many of the cherished orthodoxies with a freedom that is unknown to the older school. Two typical synagogues of the Reformed stamp are Temple Tmanu-El, Montreal, and Holy Blossom Congregation, Toronto. A third type of Judaism is represented by the Conservatives, who attempt to steer a middle course between the other two extremes. But as neither the Reformed nor the Conservative groups can be said to have any large proportion of Canadian Jewry behind them, it may be fairly claimed that the orthodox synagogues present us with the dominant form of Canadian Judaism.

* * *

That the Jews have established themselves as one of the minority groups in Canada's population is quite clear. If not already British subjects, naturalization has been open to them on the same terms as to other immigrants, and the generation born in this land is treated by law as native Canadian. The next question is, How well have the Jews succeeded in adapting themselves to their Canadian environment? How far have they been able to come to terms with the dominant British-French culture? What is their present *de facto* status in the community from the point of view of the Gentile majority?

It must be granted that the Jewish immigrants and their children have succeeded in many ways in working out a satisfactory adjustment with the Canadian part of the New World. When it is remembered that most of them have come from lands whose traditions, attitudes, and practices are markedly different from those of this country, it will have to be admitted that they have settled here with comparative ease to all concerned. They have been separated from other citizens by the bars of race (if there is a Jewish race), religion, and language, and yet they have carved out for themselves a legitimate place in Canadian life. They have pursued the various vocations open to townspeople, and they have not been denied a share in public offices. A younger generation has arisen, born and educated in Canada, which speaks English with fluency and without an accent. It all seems like the

realization of Israel's dream of peace. And yet, across this picture a shadow is cast. This shadow is what is generally called by the Jews anti-Semitism. If we retain this word in our following discussion, we must realize that it is a Canadian anti-Semitism that we are speaking about. For I am confident that whatever may have been and still are the roots of anti-Semitism in the old World, and in whatever ways this European attitude may have influenced us, in the final analysis anti-Semitism in Canada is a phenomenon which can largely be explained by certain Canadian conditions.

By way of accounting for this anti-Jewish feeling, let us keep in mind the following considerations. First, it must be acknowledged that Canadians as a whole, are somewhat intolerant of foreigners. I am not attempting to explain or justify this attitude, I merely state it as a fact. Now the truth of the matter about the Jews is that they are still looked upon by many Canadians as in fact resident aliens. They have their own communal life, their own customs, their own religion, and to some extent their own language, and they therefore seem to be somewhat apart from the main stream of Canadian life. The practical consequence of all this is that many Gentiles have no more to do with Jews than necessary. In this respect the attitude of some Canadians towards the Jews is no different from that towards other European immigrants, whether they are naturalized or not. The Jew may call this anti-Semitism, but it is simply one way in which Canadian nationalism expresses its lack of friendliness to the immigrant of alien extraction.

Secondly, there is a more specific feeling towards the Jew which is to be considered over and above the reaction to him as one usually of foreign lineage. This is the attitude of antagonism which some Jews arouse by what I venture to call their unnecessary aggressiveness. This aggressiveness displays itself in the assertion of the political, civil, and other legal rights of Jews, and doubtless is a part of the Jewish defence mechanism which centuries of ill will and persecution have fostered. I merely wish to state, then, that some Jews do bring about an unfavourable reaction towards themselves in this way.

There is a third point which I mention with some diffidence, but which cannot be left out of consideration. There is an impression abroad in certain Gentile circles that the ethical standards of some Jews are somewhat different from those which are generally observed in the business and professional world. Whether this notion has any basis in fact is quite another question. At the moment I am merely noting that many Gentiles have such an impression, and it naturally affects their general estimate of Jews as a whole.

Due principally to these three factors, the position of the Jews in Canada is not quite so ideal as one might perhaps suppose. In Toronto, for instance, it may be said that the Jews and the Gentiles are quite separate in their lives and their interests. Their residential areas are more or less clearly differentiated, as are their social activities. Even in the summer time the two groups tend to gravitate to different holiday resorts. Jewish professional men serve only or largely their own community. It would, for example, probably never occur to a Gen-

tile to consult a Jewish physician, except in a case of emergency. To suggest more definitely the sort of thing the Jews have to face, I set down the following illustrations. (1) A few weeks ago, I called up a gentleman to inquire about a house which I thought I might be interested in. In the course of our conversation, and after my name had been divulged, the man without any lead from me whatsoever, assured me that before he had acquired the house in an exchange the year before, he had made certain that there were no Jews living in the neighbourhood, for, as he said, 'Jews always depreciate property.'

(2) In the fire insurance field there is, I believe, a somewhat widespread antipathy to Jewish clients and risks. At any rate two of my friends, who are in the fire underwriting business, have told me what their respective firms think about Jews, and I gathered that their views were based on statistical data. Jews would call both of these firms anti-Semitic. (3) Gentile lawyers have, so I am led to understand, an equally unfavourable opinion of their Jewish confrères. One local lawyer whom I consulted some time ago said that with some notable exceptions, he distrusted all the Jewish lawyers he knew. (4) After the swastika trouble was over at the eastern beaches of Toronto last summer, I was visiting down in that part of the city one Sunday, and my host took me for a stroll along the board walk by the lakeshore. It was a perfect afternoon, and the beach was crowded with bathing-suited citizens, mostly, it seemed, in their teens and twenties. My host, with obvious satisfaction, drew my attention to the fact that one could scarcely see any Jews at all, and I suspected that many Gentile residents of the district were of a similar mind. (5) Even in certain university circles the Jew may be said to be merely tolerated. A recent conversation with a couple of graduating women students divulged the fact that neither of them had ever danced with a Jew and did not propose doing so. The same girls told me, I must say to my astonishment, that Jewesses were in practice excluded from the particular residence in which they were living, and that they were pretty sure that if any Jewish students should be admitted, the rest of the girls would simply move out. It is little wonder that in view of this kind of thing, the Canadian Jew is conscious of what he terms anti-Semitism. Perhaps he exaggerates the significance of it, and tends to look for it in the most unlikely quarters. But that it is a reality, and that it overcasts Jewish life in this land, is undeniable.

* * *

The present condition of Canadian Jewry, then, is not as satisfactory as it might be, either to the Jews themselves or to the rest of us. The problem is, What is to be done about it? What is to be the future of the Jew in Canada?

The first answer to these questions is simply to talk about 'the eternal problem of the Jew' and to do nothing at all about the matter. As this does not impress one as being a constructive proposal, it does not merit our further attention. But the attempt to suggest something that is a step towards the solution of the difficulty proves to be a somewhat more troublesome task than one might at first expect. In the suggestions which follow, I make no claim to either an original or a final settlement of the Jewish-Gentile problem in Canada. But I do believe that

it is along the lines which are to be indicated that any such solution is to be found.

To mince no words, I must say at once that in my opinion the betterment of the situation of Canadian Jewry lies largely in the hands of the Jews themselves. At the same time, the Gentiles have a part in it, and to this we shall now briefly refer.

It is perfectly scandalous that the average Canadian takes the superior attitude which he does to so many European immigrants and their descendants, including the Jews. Instead of welcoming these newcomers as fellow-citizens and fellow-builders of a new nation, he treats them often as pariahs. He is unnecessarily critical of their standards of living, and he views any success that is theirs in business with jealousy and apprehension. It is surely clear that whatever agencies in Canada are responsible for the developing of the attitudes of Canadians towards other peoples in general and towards immigrants in particular, they are singularly unsuccessful in creating a point of view that is both tolerant and generous. Until this situation is righted through the home, school, church, press, etc., there is bound to be a certain amount of unpleasantness between Gentile and Jew.

Furthermore, since Christianity is the dominant religion in Canada, and since the Church had its beginnings in the shelter of the Synagogue, it seems to me that it is incumbent upon all the forces of Christian education in this land, and upon all Christian educators, that they should develop an attitude of friendliness towards the modern representatives of the mother faith. If Christians were more familiar with modern Judaism, if they were aware of the indebtedness of the Christian Church to the Jews, if they knew more about the Judaism that was contemporary with Jesus, and if they had any proper understanding of the content of what they are pleased to call the Old Testament, they would, in my judgement, be on the road to a more sympathetic approach towards their Jewish neighbours.

To begin with, we shall not discuss the aggressiveness which Jews are alleged sometimes to display, nor Jewish ethics. If, in those respects, there is anything that needs to be righted, I am confident that we can trust to Judaism's sanity and common sense to attend to it. Certainly, Jewish moral ideals are just as high as those of any group in our Canadian community. And when it comes to the point of determining how far ideals are realized in practice, the Christian element in Canada is not in a position to do very much talking. When the Christians have set their own house in order, that will be a fitting time to begin to be concerned about the ethics of the non-Christian minority.

The first suggestion which I wish to make may perhaps be a hard saying to Jewish ears, but it needs must be said. If Canadian Jewry is to give anything of abiding importance to Canadian life, it will, in my opinion, at some time or another, have to become *denationalized*. As long as the Jews appear to constitute a nation unto themselves, a people within a people, just so long will they be apt to be treated by the rest of Canada's citizens as resident foreigners, and just so long will they be unable to participate as they should in the full life of the Canadian community. I have no quarrel with Jewish national-

ism as such, but I merely point out that in Canada Canadian nationalism has a right to be heard, and that as long as any immigrant part of the Dominion's population including the Jewish, persists in perpetuating itself as a separate group, just so long will that group be unable to share as it might in the hopes, aspirations, and dreams of Canadian citizens.

It is because of this consideration that one is inclined to criticize that whole outlook among the Jews which is represented by Zionism. Whatever else Zionism may have achieved to date, it has at least succeeded in strengthening and fostering Jewish national sentiment and consciousness. This is evidently considered by Jewish leaders to be a desirable end. But it has surely been realized by them that to arouse a national sentiment and then to be able to give it no suitable expression, is a very questionable boon. No matter how successful Palestine may prove to be as a Jewish national home, it is rather obvious that it can never accommodate world-wide Jewry. What, then, is to happen to those still scattered among the nations after Palestine has absorbed its maximum of Jewish migration? It appears to me that Zionism will have merely accentuated their Jewish nationalism, and will have segregated them that much more from the various peoples in the midst of whom they are living. If this is the way Israel proposes to fulfil the Mission to the world of which some of its leaders speak, it does seem a rather curious way to set about it.

Now, I wish it to be understood at once that I am not in any way opposed to the Jewish religion as such. Indeed I consider the religious developments of the ancient Hebrews to be Israel's chief claim to distinction, and, in my judgment, many of those developments are of permanent interest and value. But I am unable to share the view that the Jewish religion is necessarily associated with a certain specific national consciousness. Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism are examples of universalistic religions which are not joined to any particular cultural or political loyalty, and yet they are not incompatible with nationalism. It appears, therefore, to be a reasonable supposition that the essential elements in Israel's religion can be lifted out of their present nationalist setting and given the wider outlook which they really demand. Certainly something such as this must be done if Judaism is to be denationalized. Of course it will be objected at once that it is simply preposterous to ask a whole people to surrender its nationalism. My chief reply to which is that in my opinion the true centre and glory of the Jewish tradition is the Jewish religion, and that in surrendering its nationalistic character, Jews will still be keeping what really matters in their heritage. And if it is further objected that religion is not Israel's only badge of honour, I merely ask, What do individual Jews in the Diaspora achieve as Jews which they cannot achieve equally well as Canadians, Americans, Frenchmen, etc.? Finally, I wonder if the age-long devotion to Hebrew nationalism is worth today what it really costs twentieth century Jews. It may have been necessary at one time, in order for Judaism to persist as a religion. But that day is now past.

The other suggestion which I wish to make is that it appears to me to be an imperative duty of Jewish

orthodoxy to lessen the isolation to which it subjects those who are loyal to the inherited religion. For orthodox Judaism, as it now stands, has the peculiar virtue that it tends to isolate those who practise it. Inter-marriage with Gentiles is discouraged. The various dietary laws tend to make the social intermingling of Jews and Gentiles very difficult. The Gentile can eat Jewish food, but the process cannot always be conveniently reversed. In short, there are a number of features about the orthodox Jewish religion which effectively segregate Jews and make them a people unto themselves. Now such isolation seems both unfortunate and unnecessary. It is unfortunate because it helps to make the Canadian population a house divided against itself. It appears unnecessary, for surely a religion founded upon the Hebrew scriptures ought to be able to meet other religions on their own ground, and still survive.

It will be realized, of course, that if any changes such as one proposes are ever inaugurated among the Jews of Canada, they will be tantamount to the adoption of a Judaism of the reformed or liberal variety. And to lead the whole of Canadian Jewry along the path of reform, is, I must admit, a rather ambitious goal as well as a rather serious undertaking. But something such as that will have to take place if Judaism in Canada is to play the role it should in our national life. For if orthodox Judaism is to continue to support a separatism which is both social and intellectual (as witness its attitude towards biblical criticism) it can scarcely hope to retain the loyalty of the educated Jewish youth. If, then, young Jews and Jewesses cast themselves off from their ancestral moorings, and if there is no other congenial harbour ready to receive them, they will find themselves adrift, with no loyalties, no sense of values, and no high purposes. Such men and women, whether they be from the fold of Judaism or Christianity, tend to be destructive forces in society. For this reason the responsibility upon the shoulders of the Orthodox Jewish community in Canada is very great. Not the least important of its tasks is to guide the energies and abilities of young Canadian Jewry into constructive channels for the future.

RECENT EVENTS IN VIENNA

IN the present temper of Central Europe it is not easy even for the foreign press to obtain reliable information about the various phases of the struggle between Fascism and Socialism. It may be worth while, therefore, to attempt some account of the recent conflict in Vienna, based on information received from private sources there, which I think may be regarded as representing the point of view of that large section of the Austrian people who were content to stand aside as spectators during the fight between the military organizations of the parties concerned.

It was on Monday, February 12, after the Carnival week-end, just at noon, that the electric power of the city was cut off. This was the signal for all members of the republican defence associations to rally for a last desperate defence on behalf of social

democracy. For that morning the government had taken the following violent measures, which the Socialist Party had declared in October last would force them into armed revolt. The socialist mayor of the city had been dismissed, the central organization of the party broken up, the workers' paper stopped, and the socialist trade-unions dissolved. At half past three the first clashes took place between the police and the socialists. Before six that evening the business centre of the city had been shut up and deserted by all except those who had their homes there. By eight o'clock rifle and machine-gun fire could be heard from almost all districts, accompanied later during the night by the sound of shelling. But it was already clear that in spite of the tremendous excitement as to the issue of the conflict, the greater part of the population had not the least intention of taking an active share in it.

The main fighting was centred around the large blocks of apartment buildings, erected by the city for workers' families since 1921. The charge frequently made that these were from the first intended as socialist fortresses will, of course, not bear investigation, though they happened to occupy strategic positions, and the modern method of construction in concrete, in more or less rectangular shapes and with rows of balconies, provided certain advantages for the defenders. It is true, however, that since 1924 these buildings have been gradually equipped with weapons and ammunition by the republican defence association, which was set up as a protection against the armed formations of the other parties. On Tuesday, though losing ground in a few places under artillery fire, the Socialists still held these main strongholds, and were encouraged by rumours of success in the provinces. Public opinion was also turning against the government as a result of exaggerated reports of tremendous losses among the civilian population from artillery fire; but still the great majority of workmen made no attempt to offer either passive or active resistance. On Wednesday, it was clear that the Socialists could not hold out much longer, and partly at the suggestion of some of the foreign Embassies, an armistice was declared until Thursday noon. By that time the leader of the Socialist forces had fled from Vienna, and further resistance was useless. About two thousand prisoners were taken, and the rest slipped back into civil life.

It is quite clear that it was wholly a party struggle. It is natural enough that it should be said that the socialists had appealed to force, and had been overcome by force. In the days of their power they had armed themselves to prepare for the defence of democracy against violence. And the result seems to show that democracy cannot be defended by force, when once forces have arisen within itself which must ultimately, as has happened in Germany, lead to its utter disruption. There is no doubt that the Social-Democrats while supported by a large majority in Vienna governed honestly for the good of their supporters, and carried out many reforms of permanent value. But they showed themselves unable to reconcile the minority to their rule, and in the provinces, where they had remained in the minority, had never succeeded in cooperating with any other party. For the last year or more they have been steadily losing ground, the growth of the

national-socialistic movement depriving them of their supply of new members, and making alarming inroads upon the number of their old supporters. They had, in fact, already ceased to be a menace to the government, and indeed the events of this last struggle show clearly enough that they were fighting a wholly defensive action.

There would seem then to have been nothing to justify the action of the government in forcing them to these desperate measures. It is generally recognized that the responsibility rests entirely upon the Heimwehr, impatient with the few remnants of democratic policy still persisting in Austria until February 12th, especially perhaps in their influence upon foreign affairs. Little can be said at present on this point. But it is constantly declared that Italy has largely financed the Heimwehr—indeed at first

sight it is easily possible to mistake a battalion of Heimwehr for an Italian battalion of the year 1918. And in general they are determined, like the National-Socialists, to wipe out everything that has been done since the war. They have now complete control of Austria; nothing remains of the Social-Democracy except a few single individuals, who, before February 12th, were a social-democratic organization. The Heimwehr have therefore no opponents to fear. But it is still a matter of doubt how far they are really to be distinguished as a separate brand of Fascism. Many people expect to see a rapid transformation into National-Socialism. And when that happens, is it likely that they will still refuse to join with the other followers of their prophet, Hitler?

But that depends, perhaps, upon forces outside the boundaries of Austria.

HERBERT DAVIS

THE ECONOMY CAMPAIGN ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By H. F. ANGUS

ON Wednesday, February 28th, Sir Henry Drayton made a remarkable speech before a large audience of business and professional men in Vancouver. The speech was difficult to classify. As a critical review of the financial position of Canada it was grotesque. As a psychological stimulus calculated to incline the audience to support drastic retrenchment on the lines indicated by Sir Henry Drayton it was skilful or clumsy according to the opinion which one has of the mentality of the audience. Its chief interest is that it discloses Sir Henry's opinion on this point with unmistakable clarity. An analysis of the speech will serve the same purpose as polishing a mirror. It will enable us to see ourselves as another sees us. And the mirror can be turned around to show the speaker how he appeared to others.

The first difficulty of the critic lies in explaining why a practised debater should use arguments which in their crude form are obviously open to logical attack and which are based on facts and figures that had been subjected to no sort of critical analysis. Did the speech represent the best that Sir Henry Drayton was able to do as a financial critic? Or were genial fallacies and convenient omissions intentional, and perhaps designed to reduce abstruse material to the intellectual level of the audience? If the first of these conjectures is true, a critic should rely on ridicule to expose incompetence. In the second case he has the more difficult task of appreciating a work of art which relies on impression rather than on logic for its effect. There is even a third possibility. The speaker may, consciously or unconsciously, have hoped to have the best of both worlds by presenting the essentials of the situation in the simple language of common sense, with occasional exaggeration for the sake of emphasis, and by making far-reaching assumptions as quietly as possible, not in order to pass them off unnoticed, but in the firm belief that all reasonable men accept them as valid. In view of these three possibilities, the safest course is to take the arguments at their face value

and to weigh them as genuine reasoning advanced in perfect good faith.

In an academic atmosphere one would expect a critic of the cost of governments to begin by stating his opinion of the functions which Canadians wish their governments to perform, and of what they expect to get when they levy taxes and spend them. Without some agreement on this general question it is impossible to say whether taxation which amounts to 25 per cent. of the normal national income is too high or too low. And there is no general agreement: some would so restrict the functions of government that 10 per cent. of the national income would provide an ample revenue; others advance demands which could be satisfied only if 100 per cent. of our incomes were taken by the state.

Sir Henry Drayton, however, began differently. Without attempting to express the expenditures of our governments—federal, provincial and municipal—as a percentage of our normal national income, he compared the total burden in the year 1933 with the value of agricultural produce in that year. As the year was one in which agricultural prices were unusually low the comparison was, from the speaker's standpoint, very effective. Logically, it was almost meaningless unless one assumed either that governmental expenditures could be varied from year to year with the same freedom as agricultural prices have moved, or that agricultural prices will remain at about their present level for many years to come. Whatever assumption was made was tacit and the audience would thus be influenced only if it, too, made one of the two appropriate assumptions, or if it was too stupid to see that any assumption at all was necessary in order to give significance to the comparative figures. Sir Henry Drayton next compared the cost of governments with the aggregate of incomes subject to dominion income tax. The same course was followed as in the first comparison and the audience was not told whether 1933 should be considered as an exceptional or as a normal year.

And yet these two comparisons were relied on to establish the need for economy.

The first method of retrenchment proposed was the elimination of duplication in the work of government. *Prima facie* this is a very desirable thing to do. The question is one of fact: what duplication exists? The chief example was the existence of ten departments of agriculture, one in each province and one at Ottawa, whose specific activities are often the same. The tone of the speech suggested gross wastage, such as would exist if the department of agriculture of Nova Scotia were staffed on a scale which would permit it to undertake duties in British Columbia if the constitutional obstacles could be removed.

Picturesque detail often has a persuasive value. The audience was shocked by the story of a farmer who submitted the same difficulty both to the Dominion and the provincial departments and who received different and, indeed, inconsistent advice. He concluded (and Sir Henry seemed to approve the bucolic logic) that both were incompetent. Yet it was possible that one was right and the other wrong and conceivable that both were right. We do not abolish the medical profession if two specialists disagree, nor should we condemn the whole profession even if we were convinced that some doctor's treatment had accelerated death. If lawyers gave identical opinions about the law the volume of litigation would be greatly reduced. It might be thought revolutionary to abolish politicians because government or opposition sometimes differ on questions not of persons but of policy. If farmers really believe that all agricultural matters have been brought within the limits of objective knowledge, our system of education may need expensive improvements. Anecdotes of this sort are always amusing and win applause. Whether they are good art is another matter for their crude comedy may excite distrust and a very trustful audience was needed when the statement was advanced that the only competent teacher of agriculture economics is the farmer. The suggestion that the farmer should be deprived of skilled and disinterested advice in his financial adventures might be met by the irreverent sceptic with the stern query of the Roman lawyer, *'Cui bono?'* What classes gain if the farmer markets his crops badly?

A reduction of interest rates on government bonds was praised as a worthy objective, but no detailed suggestions came from a speaker who might have been expected to have peculiar competence in this field, where delicate problems of ethics may arise in the case of bonds issued with an exemption from income tax.

Then education was brought under review. Once more very crude figures were used without a word of explanation. It was shown that the total cost of education in the Dominion had increased more than fourfold between 1913 and 1933. Nothing was said of the contributory elements in this increase which even the sternest of critics must classify as innocent. For instance, the school-population has increased and charges are carried on building costs incurred during the period of high prices which followed the war. Then, too, an increase in the scope of the education paid for, in whole or in part, out of taxation, may merely mean that cooperative education on a

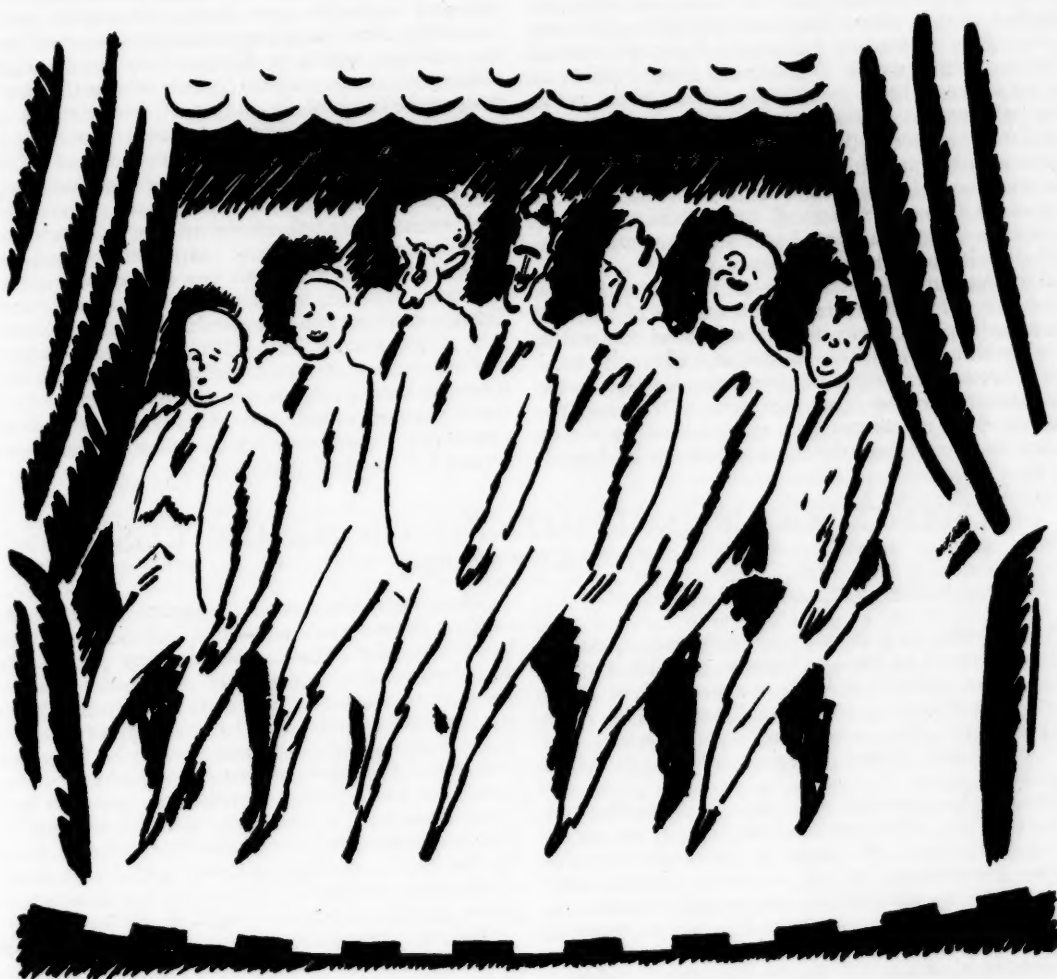
large scale has been substituted for individual schooling. This substitution may involve a positive economy. The average citizen may have replaced school-bills paid in the course of a few years by tax-bills which are smaller in the aggregate and which are spread over a lifetime. This is only a particular case of the general proposition that the greater the services performed by a government the more it is reasonable to pay for the upkeep of that government.

Of course, extravagance in education is possible and may take many forms. Too much may be included in the curriculum, education may be too prolonged, accommodation may be provided on a wasteful scale, unnecessarily expensive teachers may be employed and so forth. Those in charge of an educational system must always be prepared to show that what is being done is in keeping with the aspirations and within the means of the community.

But Sir Henry Drayton, like a fashionable general, developed his attack at the point at which the enemy's (here the educationist) defences were strongest. He argued that the relatively high cost of education in 1933 could be justified only on the hypothesis that Canadians were inadequately educated in 1913. The age-grouping of his audience disposed it to laugh at this hypothesis, and in order to demonstrate its absurdity the speaker declared that doctors and lawyers could be found on the bread-line and that 'learned professors' might soon be there, too. The inference was that too many men and women had been trained for these occupations. One can admire the courage displayed in an attack of this sort, though not without a trace of contemptuous pity for a simple soul who has made it in good faith. For the answer is so obvious as to be a little humiliating.

There may be too many doctors because there are too few patients, but doctors may be on the bread-line not because of lack of patients but because the patients cannot pay. If this latter situation is chronic there is a sense in which there are too many doctors, relatively, that is, to the present distribution of wealth and the prevailing idea of the limit of the obligation of society to the indigent who are in need of medical care. If, however, it is a temporary situation, incidental perhaps to the depression, then the optimum number of doctors for Canada must be judged by the demand for their services in normal years. One cannot have an elastic number of doctors unless one imports foreigners in good years and expels them in bad ones. *Mutatis mutandis* the same thing can be said about lawyers and with even more force about 'learned professors' if, as Sir Henry Drayton suggests, it takes several years of intense depression to bring them to the bread-line. From this reasoning it follows that Sir Henry Drayton makes the tacit assumption that present conditions are chronic and not temporary, and that he is thus harsher in his appreciation of the possibilities of capitalism than is the most rabid communist. But, unlike his milder contemporary, he does not come within the provisions of section 98.

If presence on the bread-line is conclusive evidence of an unsuitable vocational education further conclusions force themselves on our minds. The bread-line is not composed exclusively of members of the learned professions, but contains manual



'EXEUNT OMNES'

By CHARLES F. COMFORT

workers as well. How can their presence be related to the theory of over-education? The audience was not instructed on this point, but the possible relations are not numerous. One might argue that if 500,000 people are to be permanently on the bread-line they should be selected in advance and educated with that goal in view. They could be so conditioned as to obtain a modest happiness from an animal existence which would occasion no great burden to the taxpayer. There would, of course, have to be some adjustment if the same people are not continually on the bread-line and if it contains a reserve for occupations in which there is more employment in some years than others. But the treatment of doctors and lawyers seemed to indicate that the speaker assumed that such fluctuations would be negligible in the immediate future.

An alternative possibility is to argue that a bread-line composed of men and women of inferior education is much more manageable than one which contains those of better education. Cleverly used such a bread-line might help to reduce wage levels and increase profits. But Sir Henry Drayton presumably does not share this opinion, for he seems to view with complacency the addition to the bread-

line of unhappy intellectuals in the guise of 'learned professors'.

If these are among the implications of the speech, what is the quiet citizen, who is not a socialist and who really does want economical government which will give value for every dollar of taxation, to think of it all? Like the quiet citizen who wanted to win the war and who was dismayed to see his military champions thrown on the points where the machine guns were thickest, he may well feel that the cause he has at heart is being prejudiced. For the enemy (here the socialist) is afforded a chance of inflicting a check which may strike hard at the morale of the silent supporters of capitalism and prove fatal to real economy, particularly to the suggestions for eliminating unnecessary duplication which, if studied in detail and with due consideration for the interests affected, might give very valuable results. Then, too, there is a question which goes to the very root of our public life:—Is it right or is it wrong to use unanalysed figures in circumstances under which they are bound to give rise to untrue beliefs? Or is the Canadian moral standard such as to make this procedure right (or 'all right') for public men but wrong for 'learned professors'?

TWO CURIOUS INSTITUTIONS OF SOVIET RUSSIA

By MARION NELSON

A Boarding School for Infants

THE visitor to a Russian kindergarten is asked on entrance to remove his coat, and he is given a white hospital overall to wear before being shown over the class rooms and dormitories. The nurse-teachers also wear these white overalls, and their heads are bound, Russian fashion, in white kerchiefs.

The fact that women are not only permitted but encouraged to take part in industry on an equal footing with men has made it necessary for the Russian government to increase very greatly year by year the number of its pre-school institutions. Now every district in the towns has one or more of these centres, and not even the smallest village is without its kindergarten or crèche, where children may stay by the day or by the week, according to the needs of their parents.

The well-known statue-head of Lenin as a child sits prominently on a pedestal in the big play room of the kindergarten I visited in Moscow. This school is, in a sense, a replica for infants of the bourgeois boarding school that accepts day pupils, and it serves chiefly the children of factory workers and of the printers engaged by the two newspapers, *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. A hundred children are here, the larger proportion being boarders, who are called for every fifth day—their parents' free day—and brought back again in the evening. They can, of course, be visited at any time.

Parents pay for their children's board in proportion to their wages. If, for example, 25 roubles is the average monthly portion of each member in a family, then the fee for the child is 12 roubles; if the average is 60 roubles, then 25 are asked for the child. For the five-day boarder an additional fee of 25 per cent. is made.

The children in this kindergarten are very young, ranging from one year to five. They go, naturally, in groups. As soon as possible they are taught to do things for themselves; and at two-and-a-half they are able to wash and dry their faces and hands and to clean their teeth. It is rather delightful to watch them going about these tasks with the very young child's feeble concentration. Each has his or her own towel and tooth brush, which hang on hooks by the wash basins. The children, who cannot yet read, are, however, able to recognize their own accessories by the small pictures which are painted on the wall above their hooks; for example, one has a mushroom, another a horse, a third a rabbit, and so on.

Before strangers they are strikingly well-behaved but very curious. They sit on small chairs at toy tables, playing with beads, bricks, or plasticine, and when the stranger enters the room they pretend rather slyly to be going on with their jobs, but all the time they are looking up, peeping from behind their chairs, and listening. On the whole, these children struck me as being more contented than children I have seen in kindergartens elsewhere. They did not appear quarrelsome or rowdy. A woman who was with me expressed the opinion that they were unnaturally quiet. 'I'd rather hear them making a good, healthy noise,' she said. And then she asked the guide: 'Do they never cry?'

The healthy noise came later, however. We saw and heard them in the garden, scampering about and yelling with all the effectiveness of sound lungs.

Boys and girls are together. Early they are introduced to the simple ideas of socialization and to the view that what one does should have, primarily, a practical aim. Their toys are models of engines that really move, factories that work, animals that serve some useful purpose. Their teachers tell them stories about Russia, about foreign countries, and

the plants that provide their food. As is known, the fairy story was at first proscribed by the Soviet educationists, but last year it was re-introduced. I do not know how it is told, but probably with a difference. It may differ as much from the initial versions of Andersen and Grimm (or their Russian equivalents) as the Soviet presentation of the opera *Carmen* differs from the original of that name.

Russian mothers have taken very kindly to the crèche and the kindergarten. And well they might. Those of them who were workers in pre-revolutionary days know from experience the advantages of such institutions over the crowded home, where the half-blind old grandmother—huddled on top of the stove—was left in charge of the child. Younger women, educated by the Soviet, regard the state school as the privileged place for their children. They can send even the youngest off with assurance of mind equal to that of the wealthy Englishwoman who sends her son to Eton or Harrow. But the breakage of the parental influence is never so complete as in the English system. For in her leisure hours the Russian mother at will can retrieve her child and both are the happier together.

A Moscow Prophylactorium

In 1913 there were 20,000 registered prostitutes in Moscow. Today, it is estimated, there are about 400—and few of these are young proletarians, but girls of the old aristocracy and middle-aged women who, like the handful of inveterate professional beggars that remains, are temperamentally incapable of being reclaimed. People outside of Russia often look politely sceptical when one tells them that in Russia there is work for all. They are so accustomed to the sight of seedy-looking queues at the doors of labour exchanges, to the ill-timed appearances on the main street of a really destitute man or woman in rags that quietly heap criticism on all the charities and recovery acts that ever were, that they really cannot believe in the truth of such a statement. But it is true. And the case of the Russian prostitute has tested this truth successfully.

In Moscow I visited a prophylactorium, a house of correction for former prostitutes. It is set unobtrusively in a quiet street. Inside it is like any other Russian institution or small clinic, but it is bigger than it seems from the exterior, for it holds 160 girls, has medical rooms, an operating theatre, a dentist's office, and a factory. This prophylactorium is one of many which, from 1923, were put into operation all over the U.S.S.R.

The supervisor, a thin, pale woman with straight black hair and an intelligent face, received me with some other visitors and prepared to answer the questions we might put to her through our young guide. We were in the large reception room, whose walls bore, together with the inevitable portrait of Lenin, many curious posters and pictures describing the fate of the prostitute in pre-revolutionary days. In the centre of the room was a large glass-covered table, and under the glass lay souvenirs from the old régime, passports and the yellow tickets that marked a woman perhaps for her entire life and gave her little chance to rehabilitate herself even if she wished to do so.

Entrance to the prophylactorium is voluntary, and any woman who wants to be admitted may

come without documents. She comes in various ways, recommended by a clinic to which she has gone for treatment, or encouraged by a previous inmate who, now cured, has gone into factory life with a new social consciousness. If she does not wish to stay, she need not. There is absolutely no compulsion. When her daily task has been done she is free to go out, but she must be back by ten p.m. The supervisor told me that about 5 per cent. of the newcomers break away, but those who have stayed for several months do not weaken. This system of reclaiming girls is helped by the fact that social pressure has caused the demand for prostitution to decrease. A few years ago a man found with a prostitute would be punished by the publication of his name in the newspapers. This is no longer done; but now the man is taken to the militia by whom his name and place of work are ascertained. He is then released, but the manager of his office or factory is warned. He is considered a potential danger to the health of other people. Publicity makes him uncomfortable.

The chief aim of the prophylactorium is to turn the girls into conscious citizens. They must be cured of disease, made literate and given a trade.

Here there are two textile workshops. These are large rooms, with several windows each, furnished with long tables and stools on which the girls sit working at stocking machines or making various types of artificial silk goods. The girls work easily and unhurriedly, without supervision—except those who are learning the trade with the help of an experienced worker. The average wage is 75 roubles a month—out of which 55 roubles go to the institution for room and board—but the expert can gain as much as 150 roubles. When the girls are cured and trained they leave the home to take up ordinary work. Some of them, who have shown special aptitudes, are sent to advanced training centres—musical, medical, etc. The others go into factories or offices. Some of them marry. I was informed that 86 per cent. of the girls who have gone from this particular home have definitely proved their fitness as serious, responsible citizens; 43 per cent. have become members of shock brigades, 21 per cent. are doing excellent social work in the factories where they are employed; 5 per cent. have entered the Communist Party and the Young Communist League, and 17 per cent. while working in factories are going on with their studies.

There are numerous clubs and circles within the institute to improve the girl's cultural and social life, and each inmate must take part in one or other of these in order to divert her mind as much as possible from her former life. Actors from the Moscow Art Theatre give instruction here, and excursions are organized to theatres, concerts, museums.

In the summer volunteers leave the home to work as shock brigaders on the collective farms. Holidays are arranged for those who have distinguished themselves as good workers, and when I was there ten girls were looking forward to a visit to a health resort at Batum, which was their prize for special endeavours.

In this way, these women are provided not only with a temporary home; they are made self-supporting and self-reliant, they are sent out quite free and unbranded; they have every promise of a future.

THE MORNING WALK

By VIOLET MAW

MARIA ELLIOTT walked along the street. It was almost too much for her. Not that the street itself had a great deal to do with it, but just the way it kept right on running along sparkling in the morning sun. Everybody knew it. Maria Elliott looked about her. So many, many people all rushing towards the down-town area, and all of them jerking a little on their toes. The street cars rumbled and grumbled past as if it were a hell of a life, but pretty fine just the same. And the motors behind them scurried past if they could, and if they couldn't they stopped suddenly when the street cars stopped, but managed to get by the next time. They hurried along, gleaming in the sun, breaking the light into strange shapes and sizes wherever they moved. The streets were full of broken light and little running people.

It was partly the sun, too, a late October sun. You moved in and out of patches of shadow and patches of sun. The air was cool, so that when you struck the sunny place you just couldn't believe you could be so happy. Naturally, that made you take long breaths, and you noticed how, between the smells of burnt gas, there was a long cool place, all fresh and full of autumn.

Maria Elliott supposed it was a little different for her. All these people did this every day and no doubt they got rather used to it. But Maria would be washing dishes at this time. Disgruntled, muddled plates, and scrappy cups and saucers. The broken ends of toast would stick to smeared blobs of left-over marmalade. And the butter was hard to clear away because it was so soft by that time. Maria supposed it would be very different in her own house. People always told you so. You felt that way about it too. Breakfast dishes, for father—one thing. Breakfast dishes, not for father—all bright yellow, with flowers. Stella's sister had blue dishes instead of yellow. Well, yellow was bright, like the first sunlight. You would get up in the mornings fine and early and make yourself look very nice. Fresh dotted gingham, tied in a bow at the back. Then the yellow dishes, one by one on the table, with a neat little serviette tucked under the side-plates.

'Aren't you the bright little morning bird, Maria?'

No, that won't do. That's like Dad.

'Aren't you the early little devil, darling?'

'Umm! I'll bring in the coffee.'

It's gurgling away in the coffee-pot. Lovely rich brown coffee, with thick cream. Gurgling away for us. Making us happier every minute. Making us happy forever.

Listen to his spoon tinkling in the cup. Cluck! Cluck!

See us both sitting, cornerwise at the table. He's all spruce and fine for the office. Like the shining face of a clock.

'Well, what are you going to do today?'

'Oh! This morning—'

This will be Monday.

'Oh! This morning the house will be fairly dirty.

It won't take long. That's a fine broom of ours. Have more toast?'

Nice hot toast, the toaster thumping away, down deep in its cell.

Monday, wash-day, everybody happy—

I suppose I'd read a good deal. I'd likely read some good books. You see, I'd be rather different. I'd have to begin that kind of thing. History and science probably. Queen Elizabeth wore a large ruffle around her neck. Funny how styles come back. There's a certain line in skirts. I wonder how it's done. Those two girls walking in for lunch, past our table. I can't help staring at people and it makes me feel so stupid when they look. On street cars people go glassy.

Feel the sun. Good, good, good. Walk on and on. Listen to the boys call to each other and the people here and there starting up their cars. The cars cough and sneeze and grump out of the garages. Like sleepy old men, in need of a shave.

Every morning like this, and I'm never out here. House all around me, hard and fast, walls and furniture and housey smells. The front door bangs behind Dad. Then I walk into the living-room. The front curtains are drawn close. Dreary day, dreary. A few ash trays overflowing, and scattered newspapers on the floor. Rows and rows of advertisements staring at the ceiling. Such a strange, dead feeling, walking into the room in the morning, as though it belonged to some other people who had gone away and left it that way, a mean drab room. And you feel like the room, all stale and grubby, as if you had sat up all night smoking cigars and trying to understand the columns and columns of tiny black print. The vice-president of something or other has died.

When the curtains are back, there's the sun. And you want it—quickly, quickly. You will go outside now, immediately. But you never do. Most of the time you even pull back the curtains without looking out. You can't always get excited about the day and then never do anything. So you don't get excited. You daren't. You pull back the curtains and carry the ash trays into the kitchen.

It's the breakfast dishes. Maria Elliott had a feeling that if it weren't for the breakfast dishes things would be quite changed. Of course, that was nonsense. And yet, there you were. They always came just at the wrong moment, the exactly wrong moment in the whole day. You might tackle them hopefully, with your spirits ringing, thinking that after they were done, after they were done—

Round and round the mulberry bush—

You can't dish the navy.

But by that time, you had decided to squeeze in the dusting because coming home to dusting is coming home to dusting and quite dreadful. Then something else and something else. Oh, it's no use. After all that, there's the fine edge off your day. You can't get excited about a day with all the corners chewed off.

Today, however. Today is a new day. The curtains are still drawn in the living room. I saw it all

from my bedroom window. Lovely sun, colouring brick walls and people's faces.

Something happens sometimes. You just can't go on, scattering all your morning happiness forever, scraping the cigarette ashes off the dishes. You break away, clean, like a plate cracking in two clear pieces.

Dad would wonder. Ten minutes behind him. And he trots along all fat and content inside, and doesn't think of the sun and how I had to come. He'll be thinking, away off inside himself, with pictures of people bumping about all over his brain. Stupid little fat men sitting in armchairs. You can see Dad's picture, the little fat man tipping back to laugh at Dad. There are two chairs. Dad sees himself in the other. They sit and laugh, and the fat man winks as he hunts for a couple of long glasses and a bottle.

A kitchen glass. We need that, and I want a piece of elastic. Only a pretext. The real cause of the war lay deeper. After all, what's an archduke.

'Dad, I've a little shopping to do this morning!'

Well, well. That's good enough. Good enough. Enough, and snuff, rough, tough. No, start with 'a'. Auff, buff, cuff, duff—

A long, low car driven by a girl in a green hat stopped not far in front of Maria and picked up a man in a gray suit. A man's hat slightly lifted, a pair of scarlet lips laughing, the shining door of the car opening to disclose its nickle handles, closing with a smart clack. The changing gears added their sounds to the morning air.

Maria lifted her chin a little, jerking her thoughts into line. She scowled at those she passed on the street. It's provoking! Provoking! You can see I'm immensely annoyed at something. She raised one eyebrow higher than the other, and looked anxiously back up the street. Why didn't they come? They couldn't expect her to walk all the beastly way down town with burnt gas shooting out in whiffs all around her. She sniffed in disgust. Ugh! Think of one's constitution. That school girl complexion. Yes and no. After all, we of the business world, you know. Walk briskly, Maria Elliott. We of the wicked city.

Maria felt the sidewalk bump through her from her feet to her neck as she assumed her scornful walk. She turned and looked again, peering vaguely up the street as if she'd recognize the car in a minute if she ever saw it. A fat man in a closed limousine looked back at her as he passed. Now why? Did she look funny, or what? The scowl left her face. She watched herself coming into a long-legged view in the show window of an automobile shop, her brown coat bobbing about in the places where she was moving as she walked, and the brown felt hat a little wider in the brim than she remembered. Oh, why did she always look so different than she felt? It was that way with pictures too. She'd feel sort of aloof and ethereal, and the camera would show such a funny grin that she never got over the surprise of it. And now when she was feeling so *blasé*, her arms swung at her sides like long wooden sticks.

But it was good, oh, it was good to walk along in the sun. She didn't really care about anything else. She supposed she was really far more interesting than girls like that. For instance, she noticed

so many things. She was an observer of life, she saw all the little thrilling things about life. She could feel things striking the innermost parts of her eyes. The fence was green, the window had flower pots in it, the stones were whitewashed, that woman was thin, wonder why, we're getting dizzy, the gravel had specks of oil on it, the two children—Those two children, small boys going to school. One of them had to weave himself in and out the lamp-posts. If he didn't, something terrible would happen. And they'd skip up and down at brief odd moments, inventing new peg-leg varieties and strange rhythms out of the secrets of their minds and joy of having arms and legs.

There was so much to look at if you only kept your mind in your eyes and didn't let it slip back again inside your head. Wonder if that girl had a skirt on with that certain line in it. She was the same sort of girl as those two in the restaurant.

Men and women weren't so much in pairs right now. Perhaps they never were in the mornings. The women were in little scattered groups by themselves, a flurry of long silk legs, dangling purses and coloured scarfs, rushing to make the next street car. You'd feel so silly to miss it, after everyone saw you running so hard.

The men were interspersed among the women, long stretched-out lengths of men's suits.

It was more interesting, much more interesting, but sort of hard and broken sharp at the corners. Now if anyone asked me what I meant? Oh, there were no soft colours anywhere, when men and women didn't belong together. Everything was brittle. One sparkled brightly, but one never flowed.

Now how did she know all that? How could she possibly know so much? Somehow she did. Somehow she would show you what she meant some day. When she stopped in front of the flower shop she was glowing all over with inward certainty.

The violets were supreme. She went in. When she inquired for the price, her voice was low and well-modulated. When she pinned the violets on her coat she lowered her eye-lashes on her cheeks. She was all different inside, new and fresh and very quiet. She could feel the stillness inside her, a sort of perfect stillness which set her apart. Nothing could break up that stillness. She stepped out into the street.

Why did it happen, that stillness? What was it, away in there, making her so certain and so whole?

There are people, and here am I. We are two things. Whatever they do, they cannot take it away.

One faced the world calmly, like a beloved woman. A beloved woman with violets. Purple gowns sweeping the floor, shadows playing on the walls, and the light of the old brass lantern turned towards the window.

Purple violet stems. If you were down on the ground looking through the stems, would you see new kinds of light breaking? Or hear the violets growing up and up through the ground?

We would walk along the country roads in step. We would know all about each other.

One knew all about people, people on streets and in cars. One knew them straight through to their muddled reasons. There was no more difficulty here than with a tree. The trunk of a tree was as crystal clear as the sky. Your eyes found the bark and

then knew the wood. It grew. A tree grew. Therefore you knew about trees, and knowing trees, you knew about people.

Sweet to smell. You walked along with all this just under your chin. You knew all about the long sweet days coming, days like cool wet violet stems. Too happy. All those days coming. Days filled with—Now just where was she? It was true! There was a sort of promise about the violets which was making all the coming days so different than past days. It was a certainty. Someone had given her the violets and made a solemn promise to her. A beloved woman. You will walk in the sun again and again, with the streets stretching out in broken morning light, and the smell of autumn in the air.

It would all be very different, now, like finding a reason for life. Think of the joy of working for something, something that was always there and couldn't change, because it was the reason for everything, for all life! Think of everything you did counting something because you had a reason!

A beloved woman.

Maria Elliott waited for the stop-signal to change, then hurried across the street with the rest. She was down town now, at the very beginnings of things. This was the centre. This was where they all came, the street cars and the automobiles and the women with their coloured scarfs flying in the wind. She was going to discover why. There was the promise, an infinite certainty about reasons. There was some reason for everything.

I don't like getting so close to the centre. I don't like knowing I shall soon find out. Because, then it's over and I shall be walking home. Will I have enough?—Can you walk home any differently than usual? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Lovely, lovely violets! Oh, dear!

Walking along the street towards her she saw her father. Funny to see him like that, down town, as if she were a stranger looking at another stranger, noticing his round red face and his heavy white eyebrows. His arms were long, like hers. He swung them out into the space in front of him, then threw himself into that space.

He saw her. The mischievous smile spread over his face, that smile she hated so. The little pictures in his mind faded out.

Well, Kitkins, where did you come from? What are you doing down here?

Always so merry. You'd think he'd been drinking already.

He put his hands in his pockets and observed her quizzically, as though it was strange to see his daughter down here in his world, as though it was strange, almost ludicrous that he had a daughter at all.

'Oh, I've come down to do some shopping.'

Dad's little picture of the clock. Early for shopping. Let him think. She hated meeting him this way.

'Shopping, eh? And what could you be buying? Who gave you the flowers?'

Her violets. Those deep, blue wells of promise. The violets, flowers from a shop, money over the counter. Incongruity. Lovely blue things on her old brown coat. No! So much a bunch like parsley or carrots. So much of her house money per bunch, so much less on the meat for Sunday. Who gave you the flowers?

The beloved woman.

'I bought them myself. Any objection? Goodbye now, Dad, I must hurry. Don't forget the crate of oranges.'

She left him quickly.

She was walking between the drug counters in the department store. There was a loud smell of pink and green soap, there was that dry smell of hot water bottles and cardboard boxes.

She had a piece of elastic to buy and two or three new dishes. The real cause of the war lay deeper.

Then she would go home. She stopped and looked at the magazines. She would go home and read a magazine. The dishes! Those cigarette ashes on the plates. The drawn curtains in the living room. It was a long walk home, she would take the bus.

It was tiring, being among so many people. The salesclerks were sleepy. They yawned and yawned and their eyes were rimmed with pink. The wicked city.

Maria Elliott waited for her change. She looked down at the counter. The violets!

It only took a minute to pull out the pin.

When she walked away the violets were lying on one small obscure corner of the counter.

COLONIALISM AND CULTURE

By A. R. M. LOWER

IN the February number of *THE CANADIAN FORUM* Mr. Hugh Lundie strives valiantly to prove that a new country is not necessarily 'colonial' in the cultural sense, but that it can more or less begin at once to add to the cultural heritage its people have brought with them across the seas. With much of his reasoning I agree, and I would like to believe that we in Canada are leafing out as vigorously as the branches of the parent trunk. But I feel that his diagnosis of Canadian conditions is wrong.

It is quite true that with the aid of modern mechanical contrivances a new piece of country can be quickly subdued and a community built up which will enjoy all the mechanical and many of the cul-

tural amenities of older places. It is also quite true that the average educated inhabitant of a city which did not exist fifty years ago may read the same books, see the same plays and listen to just as good music as well played as may his opposite number in a town with a thousand years behind it. There will nevertheless be something about the town which the new city cannot have.

For one thing there will be solidity. There will be families anchored to the place by the associations of generations. Then local traditions, and particularly the mere fact that they stay where they are, will give a continuity of life that the average Canadian town does not possess. In Western Canada,

only a microscopic proportion of the population stays for any appreciable time in the same place. Within cities, families flit about from house to house, either as tenants or as owners buying today and selling tomorrow. The countryside changes rapidly, 'old timers' moving out and new comers arriving. People who have 'made money' tend to leave the country altogether and live in pleasanter environments such as California. A stream of able young men goes east or to the United States. Canadian life is thus always withering at the top.

Western Canada, and even Eastern Canada to a degree quite unsuspected by those who have not enquired into the matter, is a country inhabited by nomads. The wonder is that the nomads have been able to do as much for themselves and their successors as they have. Until the migrations end, there cannot be much hope for a genuine native culture.

There are two fair retorts to this line of argument. One is that a large English town such as, say, Birmingham, which has grown even more rapidly than Winnipeg and which is no older than Toronto, presents conditions of rapid flux similar to those of our new cities. Probably it does, and its cultural contribution is no larger. The other is that the older and solidier type of English town, such as York, also makes no cultural contribution. It does not do so directly, and it is probable that its inhabitants live on much the same sort of 'Main Street' as do those of any medium-sized place on this continent, as an article in an American periodical lately tended to show. The writer of this article had studied the ancient French city of Nîmes in much the same spirit as the American 'Middletown' was studied by the Lynds. The results seemed to be surprisingly alike.

But these old places make their contribution indirectly. They are part of the European tradition, and it is pretty hard to open a European book and not find evidence of their presence.

If that is true of the towns, what must be said of the countryside? The breath of the English countryside is in every page of English literature. Until our countryside becomes as well-known, as intimate, as loved as the English, we can hardly expect writers and painters to derive the same fire of inspiration from it. The wonder is that so much has already been done. At first glance one would hardly expect much inspiration from a wheat mine that belongs to me today and will be someone else's tomorrow, but the fact obtrudes that novels have been drawn from this source.

Again, in Canada, while there are centres of culture scattered about the whole vast country, there is no metropolis. There is nowhere where the whole national spirit and effort is summed up and concentrated. No one needs to be told about the influence of London and Paris in the formation of English and French culture, or indeed of New York, as respects this continent. Practically every popular song we sing comes out of New York. Until these songs begin to come out of Toronto, Toronto will never be the Canadian metropolis. Our popular culture is not our own, no more than our culture in the more technical sense.

A metropolis provides a natural meeting point for people who are interested in the same things. Groups arise, and the mutual stimulation of effort on

the part of their members is of enormous importance. It is difficult here for any of our Vancouver poets (I suppose there are poets in Vancouver) to talk over their efforts with their Montreal colleagues.

But genius is a law unto itself and is not dependent upon external circumstances, some one will say. To some degree possibly it is, and the appalling paucity of first-rate ability in Canada is perhaps a partial explanation for its non-appearance among us. I think, however, that even were a genius to sprout in every Canadian village, there is no guarantee that we would thereby become endowed with a national culture of consequence. There is many a flower born to blush unseen and, unless genius is planted in soil which has some favourable elements, it is probable that it will not amount to much. Even the greatest minds are much influenced by the environment of their youth and, if that environment is discouraging, either the genius will drag out a miserable existence as a misfit trying to make a living in the way in which the community thinks a living ought to be made, or he will, as soon as he can, flee—as so many of our men of promise have fled.

I remember, for example, that several years ago there used to appear in this periodical brilliant articles of criticism from a young Canadian who had just left his university. He went to the United States, where he is now a distinguished figure and has written some outstanding books of a scholarly nature, but the application of his thought to the Canadian scene became rarer and rarer and has now ceased completely.

But the basic difficulty with Mr. Lundie's contentions is that he mistakes the apparent for the real. He thinks that houses with the latest style of plumbing, schools, public libraries, and motor roads constitute the evidences of a fully-fledged society. They do not. A society is a rather mysterious entity, it is by no means the mere sum of the human beings whom it contains, and you cannot form it merely by taking thought. People have got to grow together, to intermarry, to develop common and very intense loyalties, which may be all the more vital for being instinctive rather than expressed. All that takes time.

Yet it is only when a fairly high degree of homogeneity has been obtained, when a new and native tradition has been formed, that men will feel that they can speak to their fellows about the things that really matter, and when into their speaking they will put those resources of personality, love, and sincerity which result in cultural achievement.

VISION

The sun went down, but still she wept
Over the tomb wherein he slept.
Then, twining daisies in her hair
She laid her down beside him there,
Entering in through death's stone door,
White-garmented for evermore.

Some say 'Their bones rest side by side,'
And some say 'Both in heaven do bide'.
But though death made their love in vain,
The daisies always bloom again.

LENNARD GANDALAC.

FIRST OF ALL AN ARTIST

By MARY COAD CRAIG

DISCOURAGED, broken in fortune at fifty-three, Joan Macmillan, actress and playwright, had planned to rest and perhaps to sink into permanent oblivion in the old farmhouse near Montreal that had been the family home before her father rose to distinction in his native province. The consequences of an auto accident in which her young niece had suffered slight injury and greater shock sent her fleeing northward sooner than she had expected. During the long bus journey her thoughts hovered sickeningly over the horrible scenes through which she had passed since the accident. At length she sought relief in watching and listening to her fellow travellers. There was a pleasure in hearing again the Canadian French so familiar to her childhood.

Just ahead of her sat two factory workers from Vermont.

'In half an hour we shall be in la Prairie,' remarked the elder woman presently. 'I wished to bring gifts for my parents, but the customs officials are so tiresome.'

'I have shirts for my father and dress material for my step-mother,' the shabby young girl beside her admitted uneasily. 'The officer will not find them, rolled in among my clothes, do you think?'

The older woman shrugged discouragingly. 'But yes; I am afraid so. In la Prairie they are very strict. Every little article they examine, even in the baggage of the American tourists.'

Joan gasped and stiffened with horror. Here was a danger undreamed. Remembering other customs' examinations she had supposed the small case sufficiently concealed under a raincoat in the centre of her large leather bag.

For a moment she thought of taking out the case, of carrying it in her hand and offering a deposit of the largest sum that could be exacted on a portable typewriter. But she realized what suspicion such a course would excite in the mind of a shrewd *Canadien*. He would insist on opening the case to verify the machine number he must enter on the certificate. To offer a bribe might be equally fatal.

How insane she had been to venture such an undertaking! Who would believe that anything but the blackest guilt could have prompted it in a woman of her apparent sophistication?

'La Prairie next stop!'

The curtain was about to rise upon a crucial scene in Joan's life drama. Panic left her. Swiftly, instinctively, the actress applied herself to the business of preparation.

Meticulously ruthless, the uniformed officer dragged out for appraisal the trifling purchases of the shabby young *Canadienne*. As he proceeded to disembowel the innocent baggage of the second factory worker he noticed approaching his bench the elderly American lady whose distinction of manner and appearance had already caught his eye.

'Are Canadians not allowed to take in *any* new thing free?' asked the lady, in evident surprise—a

somewhat scornful surprise—at such niggling procedure.

'Very little,' he replied, involuntarily apologetic. 'Almost everything is dutiable.'

'We can take a hundred-dollars' worth into the United States,' she explained in a tone of superiority.

'I know,' he said shortly. Somehow this lady almost convinced him that there was something blameworthy about his country's rulings in the matter.

'We need not even bother to list anything under twenty dollars,' she further tormented him, before withdrawing to the neighbourhood of her own impedimenta, which were lying humbly upon the ground.

Outwardly indifferent, she was inwardly thrilling, as at the success of an opening scene. She almost forgot the terrible danger in which she stood in satisfaction at the thought, 'That was good art; I have created the proper atmosphere.'

Courteously she opened bag and suit case as he approached.

With responsive courtesy he stooped to examine them where they lay.

'All your own clothing?' he asked perfunctorily, glancing at the garments in the smaller piece.

'Except this dressing-gown,' she explained with careful honesty. 'This belongs to my niece. She is to meet me in Montreal.'

'She lives in Canada, then?' rather sharply.

'Oh, no! In New York. We were to have come together, but she was detained—by a birth. The first grandchild in the family.' Her look assured him that some unusual quality in himself had provoked this artless candour.

'It is a pleasure trip, I suppose,' he said mildly. 'How long do you expect to stay?'

'A few weeks probably. But our plans are all upset. . . . Thank you so much for not musing my things.'

He politely locked the suit case while she negligently looked aside.

A sharply official, 'What is this?' recalled her attention.

Still negligently, she peered down at the object he had uncovered in the depths of the large bag.

'My typewriter case,' she answered placidly.

'The typewriter is for your personal correspondence?' he asked less suspiciously.

She nodded. 'I . . . You see . . .', gesturing sadly towards her eyes, . . . I've had to use it a long time.'

Strange that he had not observed before how nearly blind she was.

'How much do you think it is worth?' he inquired, diffident from sympathy.

'It's much worn, of course,' reflectively. 'Still—I wouldn't take less than ten dollars for it.'

'All right.' He rose abruptly.

The ordeal was over.

'Why, she is young, that woman!' whispered the elder factory worker in surprise, as Joan re-entered the bus.

It was true. In the thrill of artistic effort she had almost forgotten the sorrow and shame of her best beloved and the infamy that had threatened their name—even the noose she had felt tightening around her own neck a few minutes ago. She could still achieve!

She thought, with tenderness unsoiled by horror, of the infant body of her grand-nephew, softly

swathed in silk within the little case. Tomorrow—tonight even—she would bury him in his grandfather's grave. Perhaps her unskilled attempt at midwifery had caused his death. She was too ignorant to know. With eyes alight she dreamed only of the tragedy which should embody his fate in deathless beauty.

MR. COONEY MAKES IT RIGHT WITH GOD

By ROBERT AYRE

EVERY time Miss Bernstein said what a lucky girl she was, Mr. Cooney felt uneasy.

'A girl is fortunate to have a job she can depend on, these days,' said Miss Bernstein, waiting for Mr. Cooney to resume his dictation.

'Yeah,' said Mr. Cooney. He frowned at the pile of letters on his blotter.

'I don't know what Papa and I would do if I wasn't so well settled in my position,' said Miss Bernstein anxiously.

'Business isn't so good,' Mr. Cooney mumbled without looking up.

Nervously he reached into the drawer for a cigar, but he remembered that he no longer kept a box there and tapped his lower teeth with his thumbnail. 'Take a letter to Stevens,' he said gruffly.

He would never have had the courage to discharge Miss Bernstein had it not been for Mrs. Cooney. 'Business is bad,' she kept repeating, 'and your business is too small to stand much overhead. You know you must cut expenses to the bone.'

'I have to have some help,' he protested. 'I can't typewrite my own letters.'

But Mrs. Cooney was an experienced business woman and she arranged to come into the office herself.

'Who's going to tell Naomi?' asked Mr. Cooney feebly. 'I can't do it. You'll have to tell her yourself, Lydia. I can't do it.'

Mrs. Cooney wanted to know where his dignity was and he said he was only human; after all, Naomi had been with him for years and she was the only support of her Papa; but he ended by throwing up his hands and crying: 'Oh, all right, all right!'

Of course Miss Bernstein was stunned. Without looking at her, Mr. Cooney was conscious of the dismay in her eyes. He felt that he had betrayed her. With his back to her, he stood blinking at the window, pulling at his moustache, watching the neon sign in front of the candy store flashing on and off. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'I should give her a present. After all these years.' He had always counted on giving her a handsome present if ever she got married. Perhaps he should give it to her now, without mentioning it to Lydia. But he struck his hand on the radiator as if to beat down such foolishness. She might even be insulted.

'Are there any more letters, Mr. Cooney?' she asked, a little weakly, as if she had been crying.

'Why don't she get mad?' he asked himself. 'Why don't she lose her temper? It would make it easier.

I could have some excuse. But Miss Bernstein wouldn't get mad.'

He did not answer her question, so she went to her desk and fixed the paper in her machine and began to type.

Mr. Cooney put on his hat and stood at the door. The rattle of the keys stopped and Miss Bernstein looked up.

'Why does she act so hurt?' he asked himself. 'I can't help it, Miss Bernstein!' he said aloud, sharper than he intended.

'I know, Mr. Cooney. Times are bad.' She swallowed and abruptly began leafing through her book. 'Something I did not catch, Mr. Cooney,' she said. 'Oh, yes, it's all right; I wasn't sure whether you said thirteen or thirty, but of course it must be thirty.'

'Don't be so hard on me, Naomi,' Mr. Cooney wanted to say. But what he said was: 'I'm going out for a few minutes. I'll be back in time to sign the mail.'

Almost unconsciously, Mr. Cooney went into the cigar store and bought himself a panatela. He bit off the end and was about to light it when he saw Miss Bernstein's stricken face. With some agitation, he put the cigar in his pocket and went into the street, clicking his teeth together.

Mr. Cooney did not so much think about life as feel it, and he was feeling now, as he walked, trying to calm himself, that he had been driven to betray Miss Bernstein and that somehow he had offended both Justice and Mercy. He kept fumbling at his cigar and drawing away and claspings his hands resolutely behind his back.

The blind man was leaning against the pillar, shifting from one foot to the other and thrusting out the little bundle of pencils in the bowler hat. 'Blind Jack' was printed on the card hanging from a string around his neck. He was rolling his eyes and nervously putting out his other hand to feel if he was still there.

Mr. Cooney looked at him and felt a sudden rush of compassion. He hesitated and was about to pass on. He hesitated and the tears started to his eyes. Then precipitously he pulled a dollar out of his pocket, seized the groping hand and closed the fingers around the bill.

Blind Jack's face opened with a grin of surprise. 'Thank you, Mister!' he exclaimed. 'Thank you, Mister!'

Mr. Cooney blinked and nodded and smiled and walked on, feeling much better. With a sigh of relief, he drew out the cigar.

FRESCO FOR APRIL

This yellow slow-lingering sun
Pouring upon the air delusive warmth,
With sly insinuating fingers bares
The young frost-sheathed trees.

Unfastened windows open to the light;
Bowls of blue hyacinths stand on the sills,
Pink crocuses and white narcissi sway
In shallow bowls upon the window sills.

High and gay, like wood-wind notes
Soaring above the heavy turmoil of brasses
Floats the laughter of children
Pirouetting about the side-walks
On this primrose colored day.

Two and two, black-robed and very slowly
Tall priests walk in the seminary garden.
The walls are grey, massive, impenetrable.
The lawns, still moist with melted snow
Have flowered into sudden green renaissance.

'Pater noster qui est in caelo—' the beads slip;
Bowed heads are raised with stealth to greet
Unwonted sunlight pouring down
Like a slow benediction.

Cheep! cheep! insistent staccato sounds
Of frolicsome sparrows
Clustering about the dripping roof;
Pizzicato, the plucked strings
Of a golden violin.

This treacherous yellow sun
Stealing into the frozen crevices
Of winter, with ardent promise of untimely spring,
Is a persuasive lover making vows
Of spurious passion and trite tenderness.

With icy fierceness the north-wind will come to-morrow
To chill and harden
The melting softness of spring.

REGINA LENORE SHOOLMAN

GALATEA

The unborn babe lies mouldering in the grave;
An aged woman dances like a child.
Galatea was a sinner;
She was great with child.
A great plague smote her,
And no man came to help.
Her fresh flesh shrank
Until her skin was dry as wax.
She lay and wept for water,
Until at last she died.
The minister he called it
Visitation from above.
Aged women danced like children,
Saying such sinful fruit
Should never grace the bowl of their community.

LENNARD GANDALAC.



LEGS OF CLAY

CHARLES DICKENS: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Stephen Leacock (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy: pp. 332, with 22 illustrations; \$3.00).

STUDIES of Dickens all suffer through a strange quality in their subjects; they seek to get him into focus, and it can't be done. You might as well attempt a composite portrait of Cleopatra and Abraham Lincoln. He possesses in the highest degree qualities of which no human being can think at the same time. He was a volcano of vulgarity in constant eruption; he was also a magnificent artist. He was the kindest of men, yet capable of calculated brutality. No quite satisfactory book will ever be written about him. Those who are enraptured by his glorious comic characters actually pretend that his atrocities of bad taste towards his wife are trivial. Those nauseated by his mawkishness concerning Paul Dombey, etc., etc., have the effrontery to talk as if the creator of Micawber, Mrs. Nickleby and a hundred others, deserved less than the liveliest gratitude from the whole world.

But we need not increase the difficulty. Why write his life at all? Why assume that, because the career of a man of action like Julius Caesar or Napoleon possesses vital interest, therefore the life of an artist (however great) deserves detailed record? Moreover, the results of this naïve assumption are so often disconcerting. Your enthusiastic chronicler of 'Early Struggles', 'The Middle Years', 'The Shadows Lengthen', and so forth, finds himself, when he gets down to business, confronted with Shakespeare's second-best bed, Lamb's drunkenness, Wordsworth's Annette, Scott's snobbery, and Rousseau's steady patronage of the Foundling Hospital: The idol (if I may coin a phrase) turns out to have feet of clay; and Dickens is in this respect deplorable—at least up to the knees he is pure loam.

We begin wonderfully, to be sure. After the blacking-warehouse and the wretched childhood, it is glorious to see the lad finding, and finding so early, the most towering popular success won by any writer since literature began. As Mr. Leacock says, it resembles a fairy-tale: read his page about Gad's Hill (p. 200). But the solemn ruffianism of his conduct and language towards his wife, eclipsing even the horrible taste of his language in and to America! The disgraceful exploitation of vulgar and greasy emotionalism in his public readings! Despite my rich pleasure in the fairy-tale, this book has made me think worse of Dickens. Moreover, we are threatened with more—with fresh material just too late for Mr. Leacock. The recent death of Dickens' last surviving child has released a hundred and thirty-six letters and a Life of Jesus. This latter has been purchased by the *Daily Mail*, and is to be published by that journal as yet another of its signal services to religion and letters. That the man who described Tom Pinch, the death of Paul Dom-

bey, and Little Nell's pathetic story, should relate the Life of Jesus is a thought to curdle the blood.

But if yet another book about Dickens was needed, if we are not satisfied by Forster's *Life*, Mr. Chesterton's book, prefaces and essays, Mr. Priestley's masterly remarks in the course of his *Figures in Modern Literature*, and the mountain of other works; if all this leaves us asking for more, like . . . no! I will not say it—then Mr. Leacock was the man to write it. I suppose it was needed: nearly all of us prefer books about literature to literature itself.

He is the man, being himself a humourist, commanding a complete knowledge of his author, admiring him heartily yet being conscious of his faults and prepared to expound them without mercy. His book is shrewd and attractive (I have already decided to make yet another attempt on *Little Dorrit*), very full and often witty—for example, in his proud contribution to literary research personally conducted before Rasco's Hotel in Montreal (p. 98). And, despite his fun, Mr. Leacock has performed genuine research in his remarkably able and convincing reconstruction of *Edwin Drood*. Perhaps his best passage is a paragraph on p. 93. After detailing Dickens' bitter complaints during his first visit to America—'I trust never to see the Mississippi again except in dreams and nightmares'—he proceeds:

On an upper stretch of the river at that time was a little boy of six years old for whom the vast reaches of the Mississippi, moving through the forests to the distant sea, and the lights of the river steamers passing in the night, were the inspiration of a lifetime. Compare the majesty of the picture of life drawn in the pages of *Huckleberry Finn* with the cramped and uninspired picture given by Dickens. It is the work of a peevish cockney travelling without his breakfast.

Nowhere do we find palliation of faults. Of *Hard Times* he says 'a large part of the book is mere trash'; the plot of *Our Mutual Friend* is 'idiotic'; again and again he skilfully discusses Dickens' mawkishness, though he seems to find it less revolting than do many of us, and is marvellously fond of that pink valentine on two legs, Dora Copperfield.

Mr. Leacock's own writing is nimble and bright, but by no means perfect, and as a whole the book appears somewhat hurriedly written. There are at least two curious mistakes. The reference to Apuleius on p. 34 is surely wrong. On p. 82 'Waterloo' should be 'Peterloo'. To say (p. 291) 'if one-half of Leonardo da Vinci's picture of The Last Supper had been torn off and lost' is to forget that the painting is a fresco, not a canvas. And there is too much repetition of phrases: more than once, especially on pp. 147 ff., I fancy I detect the insertion without change of some earlier, separate, article.

Lastly, the most important quality in Dickens has been ignored or only implied—but we must remember that his subject may be so familiar to a writer that he can unconsciously omit vital matters. The main reason for Dickens' gigantic popularity is not precisely his sentiment, not even his most superhuman power of creating marvellous comic characters in endless profusion: it is simply that he was the same kind of man as his readers. Dickens did not sympathize with common people; he *was* the common people.

GILBERT NORWOOD.

THE NOVEL

THE ART OF THE NOVEL, from 1700 to the Present Time, by Pelham Edgar (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 481; \$3.50).

IT was inevitable that Professor Edgar should write a book on the art of the novel. There are few Jacobites—and by Jacobites let it be explained I refer to the more ardent admirers of Henry James—who can resist the temptation. The only one who resisted it, apparently, was Henry James himself. But if he didn't write a book on it, he wrote endless essays, and criticisms of novels, and notes on novelists, and lengthy prefaces to his own works. He was ever defining his point of view, ever attempting to embrace the all-elastic fictive form, admitting the while that it was the most prodigious, most casual, most seemingly nebulous of literary forms, one that almost defied definition by its all-inclusiveness, its iridescence, while at the same time imposing on the author painful and logical restrictions. To contrive an aesthetic for the novel was his task, to realize that this formlessness should have form, and that the best novel was the novel—to James's mind and Professor Edgar's—which did not permit the loose end, which was as carefully constructed as a play, as clearly composed as a picture, as dexterously fashioned and as irrevocably consistent as a Bach fugue.

Professor Edgar in his present work, a work immeasurably superior to his somewhat diffuse study of Henry James, and better written, touches on all these problems—sees James as the essential novelist if one is to prize form as well as content, and then does what anyone would do if he were writing on the novel: considers briefly some of the outstanding novelists of the past and present. It is more than gratifying to see that Professor Edgar includes among the contemporaries the names of Edith Wharton, James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, and Virginia Woolf as well as Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, and others. Edith Wharton is of course as contemporary as James Joyce despite the fact that most critics have placed her on the shelf of the past. A perusal of the chapter on Mrs. Wharton which is contributed to Professor Edgar's book by that most excellent Whartonian and Jacobite, Mr. E. K. Brown, will soon indicate just why she is contemporary, as contemporary as her master, Henry James.

Space does not permit me to discuss Professor Edgar's views of the novelists, to applaud him here, to differ with him there, as one wanders through this leisurely and enormously entertaining book. But I do quarrel with him on the question of his handling of drama and fiction—if I may, as a Jacobite, raise so personal a quarrel. Professor Edgar names 'drama and fiction' as one of the great essentials to be considered in the writing of a novel. Now it has been shown conclusively elsewhere that Henry James's plays were of overwhelming importance in the body of his work: that his interest in the formal problems of the theatre was transferred to the novel. I have examined only this week the unpublished manuscript of the plan for *The Ambassadors*—and in James's own hand the caption reads 'Scenario for The Ambassadors'. The novels were dramas; the plans, scenarios. It seems to me that in line with the focal point of his book Professor Edgar should have made some reference to the influence of the

drama on the novel in James; as it is he merely signals the dramatic period—as he did in his previous book—and dismisses it with a word. In fact the chapter on James—the key chapter in the present work—is one of the most disappointing. Nor do I think that Professor Edgar makes enough of James's prefaces—which constitute James's credo on the art of the novel as he practised it. Theory and practice in H. J. was all-important. Professor Edgar, on the whole, ignores it.

There are lesser details. Nowhere in Joyce will Professor Edgar find Stephen Dedalus spelt Dædalus. But such points do not invalidate the general outline of the book, which is strong and sound. The work is, as I have said, definitely entertaining, even if it has the elusiveness of all books written to date on the art of the novel. They talk of time and psycho-analysis, of drama and points of view, of narrative, plot and pattern and tone, . . . I would like to see a book on the craft of fiction dealing with it concretely, objectively, concisely. But I fear that will never come. For there are as many arts of the novel as there are novelists.

LEON EDEL

BEFORE AND AFTER THE QUEBEC ACT

THE OLD PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, by A. L. Burt (Ryerson Press; pp. xiii, 551; \$6.00).

THE OLD PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, by Alfred Leroy Burt, a Canadian professor of history in the University of Minnesota, is a book that is different; it has something new to tell gathered from documentary material and built on sound scholarship. It throws fresh and abundant light on the various aspects of the period, as well as upon the men then entrusted with public affairs in Quebec. As a result, men like Murray, Carleton, and Haldimand are portrayed in colours very different from the traditional picture, while others, like Chief Justice Smith and Adam Mabane are shown to have played a much greater part than generally credited with. Of course, some will disagree with a few of the author's conclusions but none with the great value of the book. Indeed, behind its arresting and lucid narrative stand years of patient research, a discriminating analysis of events and policies and a most intelligent comprehension of both English and French minds grappling with new problems in a new world.

Though it is also concerned with trade, war, and administration, this book is really the story of the political evolution of Canada from 1759 to 1791, before and after the famous Quebec Act, the real key to much of our subsequent constitutional evolution.

For good stage-setting, the book opens with a chapter which with the omission of the seigniorial system epitomizes the main characteristics of New France with its 70,000 inhabitants leading a simple life confined to agriculture, fur trade, and fishing. Of a more advanced type than their French cousins they had through the influence of their 'Frontier' mentality brought about a more suitable rule by Church and Government, though they were not tax-free as claimed by the author.

After the British conquest, the Military Régime during which the three governors, Murray, Burton,

and Gage administered the country in such a broad-minded way respecting language, religion, and laws, that this happy debut contributed more than any other influence to reconcile the conquered Canadians to their own destiny. Their humanitarian policy thus anticipated the British Government's policy in the words of Egremont that the French 'be humanely and kindly treated', as they have now become 'fellow subjects'. The author is right in concluding that 'of all the glorious victories that British armies have to their credit, none is more glorious, none is more honourable, than the moral conquest that crowned the military conquest of Canada'.

In 1763, the definitive cession of Canada created a new problem for the British Empire. It found itself owning a territory with a French and Catholic population. In an age of uncompromising religion and nationality, how were they to be treated? On the answer to that problem has greatly depended the political evolution of Canada.

Here was the Canadian problem. Was the British minority to be ignored or the French majority to be oppressed? The first answer came with the Proclamation of October, 1763, the commission and instructions to Governor Murray; 'an old French colony was to be remade into an English colony'. The explanation of this apparent reversal of policy, according to Professor Burt, is that the government expected an American emigration to Canada which, coupled with the gradual conversion of the French Canadians, would soon transform the new province into an English colony. Under this angle the policy adopted appeared 'both natural and reasonable'.

And so the Ordinance of September, 1764, was passed, introducing into Canada the British system of colonial government. But Murray refused the calling of an assembly, unwilling as he was to deliver the French majority debarred from its membership into the hands of a few English-speaking merchants, recently in the colony.

But facts proved stronger than theory. No American immigrants entered Canada and no Canadians turned Protestant. 'The miscalculation of the home government knocked the bottom out of its policy . . . The natives of the country were shut out from every office . . . their laws were proscribed, and their religion was in jeopardy; and yet, as far as one could then see, they were to remain practically the whole population' of the country.

Murray protested against the constitutional situation imposed on French-Canadians and advocated some alterations in their favour. His despatches may be said to have created the British reaction on which was based the Quebec Act. Thanks to his denunciations the Board of Trade was moved to urge the disallowance of the September Ordinance, and new instructions were prepared in 1766 recognizing French civil law.

It does not matter that those instructions were not eventually forwarded. The crucial point is that the principle had been admitted, which shows that the American rebellion had no direct bearing on the birth of the Quebec Act. At that point, Murray had to return to England, but he had achieved a remarkable double success: he had converted the Home Government to a French-Canadian policy and imbued the French Canadians with complete faith in British justice.

Carleton adopted Murray's Canadian sympathy, but with a strong deviation towards the Church and the seigniors banking on them to insure the loyalty of the 'habitants'. He came out quite openly with the policy that Canada being destined to remain preponderantly French, its government should recognize French laws and customs. In keeping with the British ministers' ideas this policy of native rights matured, after several years, into the Quebec Act, which became the second British answer to the query: How should French-Canada be treated? The attempted conversion of Frenchmen into English colonists through British laws having failed, the experiment was now tried to make them British subjects with French laws through the Quebec Act.

Professor Burt has divested the question of the Quebec Act of much of its unwarranted verbiage and sentimentality. As a matter of fact, the Act was neither a sacrifice of the British minority nor a forerunner of Imperial vision. If Carleton had not disobeyed its terms, the British minority would not have been refused the Habeas Corpus and the English mercantile law. On the other hand, the Act was not the Magna Charta it has been so often represented to be. It did not make Englishmen out of Canadians, but it did prevent Canada from going to the American rebellion. Without it, French Canadianism would not have disappeared, as conclusively shown by the example of the Acadians. What the Quebec Act really did was to advance by at least a generation the progress of French Canadianism and to save Canada for the British Empire. It did still more: it recognized, in the words of Professor Burt, 'a new sovereign principle of the British Empire: the liberty of non-English peoples to be themselves'. Therein lies its merit, which stands to the high praise of the Great Britain of 1774.

Unfortunately the Quebec Act was not fairly applied by Carleton, who discarded his instructions. Against him Professor Burt has made out a terrible indictment, but has he not overdone it? There seems to be so much disparity between Carleton and Dorchester that one begins to doubt the total accuracy of at least one of the two pictures. But it cannot be denied that Carleton left behind him in 1778 a deeply disappointed and aggrieved British minority.

To his successor, Haldimand, fell the hard lot of guiding Canada during the last stormy years of the war, establishing the Loyalists in the province, and dealing with the perplexing problems of the Western posts and the fur trade's growing expansion. The sagacious way with which he carried out his task is well brought out by the author who has rendered him full justice and given him his well-deserved share of praise. But the onus of solving the new political problem created by the coming of the Loyalists was left again in the hands of the now ageing Carleton, returning to Canada as Lord Dorchester. In the narrative of Professor Burt, he seems to have more than changed his name: his personality is transformed. In the course of administration, he is no more than the mouth-piece of Chief Justice Smith. The former iron man of 1774 is unable in 1788 to reach a decision about the political future of Canada. The solution of the new Canadian problem was worked out by a new man, William Grenville, whose masterly part in shaping the Government's policy is clearly demonstrated in the clos-

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ing pages of the book of Professor Burt. There the book ends on the threshold of a new political experiment—the Constitutional Act of 1791. And the reader lays down this vigorous disquisition of the past, with the hope that a similar book on the next period may be in the offing.

GUSTAVE LANCTOT

THE ENGLISH FOLK-PLAY

THE ENGLISH FOLK-PLAY, by E. K. Chambers (Oxford University Press; pp. 248; \$3.00).

THIRTY years ago, in the second section of his great work *The Mediaeval Stage*, Sir Edmund Chambers discussed the origin and significance of those traditional folk-customs that included dramatic elements. In the meantime, through the researches of Reginald Tiddy, Cecil Sharp, C. R. Baskerville, and others, much new material has been collected as to the English Mummers' Play and the related Plough Play and Sword Dance. Over seventy new examples of the Mummers' Play have been recorded; and some important analogues have been discovered still surviving in the Balkans. The monograph under review is a fresh exposition and discussion of this remarkable type of folk-drama.

The Mummers' Plays have all been collected in the last century and a half, the earliest text occurring in a chap-book of 1788, though there is evidence of their existence earlier in that century. Texts have been recorded in twenty-five English counties, in Wales, in the Lowlands of Scotland, and in Eastern Ireland, but not in the more purely Celtic parts of

Scotland and Ireland. Examples in England are most numerous in Oxfordshire and in Wessex, where Hardy made notable use of a performance in *The Return of the Native*. The Mummers' Plays are usually given at Christmas, the Plough Plays of Lincolnshire and the Sword Dances of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland on Plough Monday, the first Monday after Epiphany. All have many incidents and speeches in common, and include as a prominent feature a combat, followed by a mock death and a mock revival. This is frequently effected by a doctor, who is a comic figure. There is a presenter, sometimes called the Fool, sometimes Father Christmas, who introduces a number of fantastic characters, some in the guise of champions, who take part in the combat, others dressed as fools or women, or devils with blackened faces. These latter entertain the audience with rustic jests, songs, or dances. Occasionally a wooing is introduced, in which the fool and other personages are rivals for the hand of a woman. The performance ends with a request for money or gifts.

In his discussion of the origins of this curious traditional survival, Chambers distinguishes those elements which may be traced to literary sources and those which go back to remote antiquity. He shows that many of the incidents and speeches are derived from originals not earlier than the latter part of the sixteenth century. In the Mummers' Play the combatants are frequently St. George and the Turkish Knight or the Dragon. Though the legend of St. George and the Dragon was the subject of plays and pageants as early as the fifteenth century, the St. George speeches in the Mummers' Play are based on an Elizabethan prose romance, *The Famous Historie of the Seaven Champions of Christendom*, by Richard Johnson (1596), or upon chapbooks, ballads, or plays derived from this romance. Certain passages in the wooing episode, in the dialogue between the doctor and his assistant, and elsewhere have been traced to Elizabethan and seventeenth-century drama. This applies even to the 'rustic paradoxes' of the clowns and to the 'hastily withdrawn insolence' of the doctor's man, which might seem to be pure folk-humour. They have been found in the Elizabethan *Mucedorus* (1595) and in Rowley's *Match at Midnight* (1633). Other speeches are confused recollections of *Wily Beguiled* (1606), Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), and Addison's *Fair Rosamond* (1707). Chambers accounts for these borrowings by the fact that Elizabethan and seventeenth century plays were enacted by travelling players in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, even in the small villages such as those from which the Mummers' Plays come. Old Beelzebub, one of the comic supernumerary figures, might well be derived from Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. Even Old Father Christmas, the presenter, is probably not earlier than the seventeenth century. The character first emerges in a masque of Ben Johnson's (1616), and the name first appears in a pamphlet of 1645. Chambers, however, does not exclude the possibility that the plays derive something from mediaeval miracle plays, moralities, and romance.

But beneath all these accretions there are primitive elements. The mock-death and revival and the grotesque figures connects these plays with a group of popular ludi common to many countries of Eur-

ope and related to the festivals of the agricultural year. Chambers cites many instances, both from Western Europe and from the Balkans, in which persons dressed in leaves or sheaves or in the skins of animals are mimetically slain and revived, often by a doctor. The Balkan ceremonies are particularly close to the English plays in that they include the sword dance, the plough, the mock-death and revival by a doctor, the blackened faces or masks, the skin garments, and the wooing episode. Frazer has pointed out in *The Golden Bough* that such ceremonies depended on the principles of sympathetic and imitative magic and were originally intended to ensure fertility for the coming year. The priest or king, in whom the spirit of fertility was embodied, was slain in order that it might be incarnated anew; or a youth or stranger was sacrificed in his place. When manners softened, the slaying became symbolic only, and was followed by a revival, which was thought to ensure the revival of fertility with the spring. And even when the purpose of the ceremony was forgotten it was continued as a form of mimetic activity suitable to a festive occasion and also as, in some way, bringing luck.

The death and revival of St. George or his opponents, and the symbolic beheading in the Plough Plays and the Sword Dances by a ring of interlocked swords may be referred to this origin. The figures clad in fantastic costumes and with masked or blackened faces are descended from the worshippers of the primitive village ceremony, robed in the skins of sacrificed animals or stained with the ashes of the sacred fire. The men dressed as women may suggest the original dominance of women in agriculture or the linking of the notions of human and agricultural fertility.

Chambers discusses only incidentally the possible relation of such a ceremony to the origin of the drama in Greece, 'of its pathos to tragedy, of its ribaldry to comedy—our concern is with the English ludi, and here we must be content to discern, dimly enough beneath the accretions of dance pattern, chivalric romance, histrionic and folk-lore borrowings, and sentimental wooing, a primitive nucleus in which skin-clad worshippers, accompanied by a traditional woman, capered about the slain figures of a man who had been King of the feast'.

It seems evident that the versions of the Mummers' Play are derived from a common original not earlier than the seventeenth century. The variants show the usual amusing transformations of popular oral tradition. 'Room, brave gallants all' becomes: 'There's room and room and gallons of room', or 'I am come to ask you to favour us with a few gallons of room' (Chambers suggests that 'rum' was in the speaker's mind). 'Activity of youth, activity of age' ('activity' is Elizabethan for 'acrobatics') becomes: 'Act Timothy of youth, act Timothy of age'. The lines:

My head is made of iron,
My body is made of steel,
My arms and legs of beaten brass;
No man can make me feel,

must have been originally spoken by the Dragon, who is thus described both in mediaeval and in Elizabethan romances. But they are transferred to the

Captain and are sometimes rationalized to: 'My helmet's lined with steel', or in burlesque:

My garter fits my legs so tight,
My trousers drag my heel.

The doctor's bottle of elecampane (a remedy well known in the seventeenth century) undergoes many transformations, including 'elegant paint' and 'champagne'. St. George may be King George, King Charles, King William, or the Royal Prussian King. In one late version the old woman was replaced by a suffragette.

Sir Edmund Chambers has expounded a complicated subject with great clearness, skilfully alternating illustrative material and general discussion. The book touches and illuminates some of the most important problems of folk-literature and of dramatic origins.

W. H. CLAWSON

WHITEWASHED IMPERIALISM

THE UNITED STATES AND THE CARIBBEAN AREA, by Dana G. Munro (World Peace Foundation; pp. 322; \$2.00).

THERE is joy among many sinners when a self-righteous man is taken in iniquity, and no less joy when a self-righteous nation is found guilty of the very sins which it has condemned most strongly in its neighbours. It is with such an attitude that the rest of the world, and especially our own Imperial people, have viewed the process of American expansion during the past forty years. The way in which such activity seemed an infringement on Britain's own peculiar mission of caring for the nations that sit in darkness, coupled with the vociferous American assumption of a monopoly of freedom and virtue, made it an especial delight to be able to point a finger of scorn at the imperialist ventures of the United States.

Perhaps we have tended to overdo it. The American ventures have been modest, almost apologetic, compared with Britain's robust and aggressive 'absence of mind'. Her attitude toward the White Man's Burden has been fully as sincere as that of Britain. The tangible benefits, especially in medicine and sanitation, which she conferred on backward peoples, have been striking and invaluable. Her public opinion has perhaps been more ready than that of any other country to condemn the exploitation of alien races. Yet there remains real ground for criticism; and the unpleasant features which characterize any imperialist venture have not been absent from the story of American expansion.

The Caribbean has inevitably been the area with which the United States is most concerned. Its strategic no less than its economic importance makes it vital that no strong rival shall gain a paramount position in that area. All the strategic arguments by which Britain justified her Irish policy, all the excuses behind her claim to exercise the paramount power in India and South Africa, can be used with equal force by the United States. And, as in the case of Britain's activities, these arguments are only too often a cloak for ruthless exploitation in the interest of private groups.

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REGINA, SASK.

Mr. Munro has given a useful factual account of the political aspect of this development. Unfortunately, because it is largely confined to the political side, it is in many ways misleading. It is the sort of 'official' statement which might be expected from a former member of the State Department who bases his account on published government documents. The less obvious forces which determined a given action are ignored or glossed over. His explanation of the Spanish-American war is deliberately incomplete. He deals with Cuba, but makes no mention of Porto Rico. His account of the acquisition of the Canal Zone is completely disingenuous. In consequence, his whole study must be accepted with great reservations. It is still valuable as an account of the actual steps taken by the United States in the various interventions in the Caribbean countries. But for an explanation of why those steps were taken, the student must look to more outspoken authors.

EDGAR McINNIS



CHARACTER MELODRAMA

DAYS WITHOUT END, by Eugene O'Neill (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 157; \$3.00).

DAYS WITHOUT END is a melodrama of character in which O'Neill again makes use of a mask figure to dramatize the conflict of faith and disappointed reason in a single personality. The hero is another of the familiar self-tortured introspective kind; the action, mostly internal, takes place in the over charged atmosphere common to many of his plays.

If you do not at the outset too violently object to these romantic characters—dark, spiritual, passionately sensitive, and at the same time restless, defiant, sensual, and mocking, if you will allow yourself to breathe the air of their world, O'Neill can rouse and sustain suspense in an astonishing way. You find that although quite conscious of too-frequent theatricalism (especially when reading), you nevertheless do go on, waiting for something to snap—or sag—and no other modern dramatist save Strindberg can so manage dialogue as to keep your interest through much that is feverish or sensational. But in certain of his plays there is something more; *Days Without End* hardly justifies the ambition of its subtitle, *A Modern Miracle Play*.

As the result of suddenly losing both father and mother at the age of fifteen, in spite of intense prayer and perfect faith, John Loving is, until his rebirth at the end of the play, disintegrated into John and Loving,—John, sensitive, passionate and secretly longing for faith, Loving, 'a mask whose features reproduce exactly the features of John's face—the death mask of a John who has died with a sneer of scornful mockery on his lips'. Turning savagely from a God who in need proved deaf, blind, and merciless, he has run, with perhaps too great a facility, through atheism to socialism to communism to Taoism to Buddhism to Greek philosophy to scientific mechanism. Saved from complete faithlessness by a love that appears intense and complete, the devil of hate he has so long half worshipped makes him in his soul hate love too and almost destroy it. Finally, before the cross of his early church he is again able to pray and accept divine love; the mask (Loving) falls on the floor dead 'like a cured cripple's testimonial offering in a shrine', his prayer miraculously makes his wife Elsa forgive, and the play ends with words at once reminiscent of and deliberately challenging to the resolutions of earlier plays—'Life laughs with God's love again. Life laughs with love.'

In *Lazarus Laughed*, *The Great God Brown*, and elsewhere, O'Neill seems to approve of being 'in love with life'; here even the mocking part of the self, loving, jeers at this 'pseudo-Nietzschean' salvation, 'the empty posing of your old ideal about man's duty to go on for Life's sake, your meaningless gesture of braving fate—a childish nose-thumping at Nothingness... shorn of your boastful words, all it means is to go on like an animal in dumb obedience to the law of blind stupidity of life that it must live at all costs.' Loving suggests death to end this cruel meaninglessness, but the secret longing John has always retained coupled with the words and example of his early guardian, Father Baird, lead him in the crisis to the peace of the church.

Whatever has been its fate, *Days Without End* could certainly be effectively staged, and by those who want the miracle, without caring much about the play, it could conceivably be thought successful or even grand. Judged as dramatic literature it lacks both penetration and beauty. O'Neill is absolved by his stylization from full or realistic character portrayal, but this is not compensated for by either psychological subtlety or adequate rhetoric. Too often where there should be intensity there is simply over-emphasis, and ecstatic wordiness where only poetry could succeed. It is a pity that so interesting, serious, and experimental a dramatist should think that 'big' themes can be galvanized into significance by emotional climaxes.

NORMAN ENDICOTT

CRITICAL OSTENTATION

REASON AND BEAUTY IN THE POETIC MIND, by Charles Williams (Oxford University Press; pp. 186; \$1.75).

THOSE outraged souls who continue to rise in protest against the yet reverberating echoes of Mr. Housman's dictum 'Meaning is of the intellect, poetry is not', should welcome with shouts of acclaim this keen analysis of the place of reason in poetry. In a previous study Mr. Williams has given us a survey of the development of the Poetic Mind as a whole, as seen in the work of the great triumvirate of English literature; here he confines himself to an investigation of the concepts of reason and beauty, but extends his examination to include Marlowe, Spenser, Pope, and Keats, as well as Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

Mr. Williams begins, in the best tradition, with a digression, which attempts once more to settle the ancient controversy as to the necessity of verse in poetry. The essential quality of verse, he states, is ostentation; it is, therefore, necessary to effective poetry, since, by its pattern, however irregular, it secures that subtle emphasis which is lacking in even the most vivid prose. No doubt many will be reluctant to agree that ostentation in poetry is valuable for its own sake; the word savours too much of the blaring of massed bands and the insistent hues of billboards. One feels that the writer might have been more fortunate in his choice of terms. Perhaps it would be well here, as elsewhere, to make allowance for his tendency to over-emphasis, or should we say ostentation?

Mr. Williams views Reason and Beauty as essentially conflicting, and it is this conflict, this skeleton of Life-in-Death, which has always animated the best poetry. The greatest poetry is that which best expresses this conflict and comes closest to resolving it. If either of the elements is stressed too much, the poem lacks reality, fails, as he expresses it, to attain identity. It was in this that Spenser fell short, by sacrificing Reason to the aesthetic pleasure of allegory; even as Dante triumphs in the perfect symbolism of Beatrice. She is not Beauty (a woman) merely, nor Reason (Theology) merely, but both together. By an exhaustive examination and comparison of the statements concerning Reason and Beauty found in the works of the greatest of our poets, he goes on to show what they conceived this conflict to be, and in what way they attempted to express it. He concludes:—

Marlowe has expressed the continual preoccupation, and has declared that however high poetry goes there will always be some beauty unexpressed, which nevertheless it is the business and nobility of the poet to express. Wordsworth has declared that Reason is an element in the highest poetry, the passionate and sublime reason by which all things are related in power. . . . Keats, at any rate in the 'Nightingale', and the 'Urn' preferred to abolish all earthly suffering—to be 'teased out of thought' and out of earthly reason in order to be free to assert that beauty was truth, truth beauty,—but the genius of Keats himself was hardly satisfied. Beauty had been truth in Shakespeare, until he chose to express the disintegration of beauty and truth in a believer, and found that reason itself seemed to have disintegrated under the strain. What after such a discovery, can poetry do? Chiefly two things, which have been done by the imaginations of Milton and Shakespeare. It has imagined a sublime Reason in control of the Universe, an absolute power, thus controlling youth and beauty. In the other it has abandoned divine Reason, tracing the conflict deeper and deeper, until, in some sense, it has imagined the earth ravaging upon itself. It has traced the path of Destruction.

In his conception of the conflict between Reason and Beauty, Mr. Williams has made a valuable addition to critical theory, which goes far towards explaining that something which we feel to be lacking in so many of our near great poets. In Hardy's verse, for example, there is no conflict, no opposition of Reason and Beauty, no Life-in-Death, only Death and reminiscence of Death. Mr. Williams is perhaps most successful in his criticism of Milton. Indeed the whole volume would be justified by the chapter on *Paradise Lost*, which contains the first really adequate vindication of Milton's humanity, especially as seen in the portrayal of Eve.

This book suffers, on the whole, from a tendency to delight in involved phraseology; the author's really valuable ideas being swaddled in incantation, until the reader is inclined to exclaim with Cleopatra 'He words me.' In this he is an exponent of the increasing vogue for what might be called, to borrow a term from politics, the 'spellbinder' in criticism. But this style is best reserved for its original use of imparting an air of prophecy to those who have little to say; those who, like Mr. Williams, have

valuable information to give, are most likely to lose by adopting it. It is probably the same influence which is responsible for his excessive use of hyperbole; surely one cannot be expected to accept, as anything but a figure of speech such a statement as 'The only excuse for a single new poem is that it has in mind to overpass Shakespeare and Milton at some point.'

M. C. BODWELL.

CONTRIBUTORS

H. F. ANGUS is Professor in the Department of Economics of the University of British Columbia.

MARY COAD CRAIG is a graduate of the University of Toronto. A number of her articles and stories, as well as a novel with a Canadian setting, have appeared under various pen names.

J. E. KEITH is a resident of Montreal.

VIOLET MAW (Mrs. Ross Anderson) lives in Toronto. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and has published a number of poems and short stories.

ARTHUR MAYSE alternates between the University of British Columbia and the logging woods of Vancouver Island. He has done some feature writing for the *Vancouver Province*, and has contributed short stories to various publications.

STEWART McCULLOUGH is a lecturer in Oriental Languages at the University of Toronto.

MARION NELSON spent part of last summer in the Soviet Union.

SHORT NOTICES

THE DYING PEACE, by Vigilantes (The New Statesman and Nation; pp. 55; sixpence).

This pamphlet has already had two reprintings in Britain since it was first published at the end of last September. It is written, one would judge, by a group of Labour intellectuals who saw a good deal of what went on behind the scenes in the Foreign Office from 1929 to 1931 and have been in pretty close touch with what has been going on there since then. It contains the most powerful indictment of the international policy of the present British government that I have seen anywhere. 'The Covenant and the Nine Power treaty and other such obligations are to Sir

John Simon merely pawns to juggle with in a game where British interests in the shape of concessions, coal mines, investments, railways, etc., are the only counters. He does not recognize any other British interest. The suggestion that it would pay us to honour our obligations under the Covenant strikes him as academic. He does not consider the Covenant to be a 'reality', still less a 'British interest'. He is not disturbed when told that his policy will lead to war, for he believes that war is inevitable. Even as a 'Realpolitiker' he is a failure. For he attaches more importance to the friendship of militarist Japan than to that of the United States. International anarchy, they point out, means 'a see-saw between isolation and alliance. They are but different aspects of the same game—the game of the Bal-

ance of Power', and this is a game which leads inevitably to war. The only thing which can prevent a drift to war now is a genuine lead by Great Britain in a peace policy. Such a lead cannot come from the Conservative party, for it is an anarchist party, it believes in the inevitability of war, not in a real peace policy. The exploiters of the poor and the believers in violence against weak nations are always in the same camp. Those who made the world crisis are now making the next world war. The poverty and the peace front have now become one. We must make the people understand that unlimited sovereignty and economic anarchy already mean starvation in the midst of plenty and in a few years will mean another war'.

F.H.U.

BOMBI BITT, by Fritiof Nilsson, translated from the Swedish by Paula Wiking Lovat Dickson—Macmillans in Canada; pp. 220; \$2.00).

Across the clouded expanse of unrelieved gloom which constitutes Scandinavian Literature, at least for its alien readers, the sly humour of Fritiof Nilsson's novel comes as a welcome flash of sunlight. When Nis Peterson tells us in his introduction that *Bombi Bitt* is the personal reminiscences of one who is known throughout Sweden for very good reasons as the 'Pirate', the book promises to be anything but dull; nor are we disappointed. If any boy, in Sweden or out of it, in this devastatingly safe and respectable age, ever had such a glorious childhood as this, he is surely to be envied. Throughout one marvellous year, Eli, the narrator, moves on terms of intimacy with beggars, gypsies, adventurers, circus performers, and in particular, with the most lovable rogue of them all, Bombi Bitt.

Bombi Bitt was the hero of my childhood. The day that he became my friend was the proudest day of all my boyhood. Bombi Bitt was three years older than myself, that is, he was less than fifteen. I can see him vividly before me. His hair, which was kept short by Franskan's nails, was red. His eyes were blue-black and his eye-brows were white. His brown face had irregular features, and was far from handsome. One of his upper front teeth was missing. Around his right wrist was tattooed a bracelet representing a snake. His feet were strong and well-shaped like an Arab's, and no wonder, for unless he could rake up something to put on them himself he went barefoot all the year around. He was as supple as a cat and as strong as a grown man. He could buck like a goat. He could wiggle his ears.

With Eli and Bombi Bitt we are present at the theft of the church silver, and at the scene of its miraculous recovery by means of that masterpiece of satire, Bombi Bitt's dream; we live the life of vagabonds with the half-mad Vricklund, of giant stature, and the Raffles of South Sweden, Nils Gallile: we visit the most colourful of all country fairs, the Kivik Market Day.

Bombi Bitt has, at first sight, many analogies with *Huckleberry Finn*. There is the same shrewd insight into human nature, the same dry, chuckly humour, as well as the more obvious similarities of plot and situation; but there the likeness ends. There is a vein of sentiment, at times almost of melodrama in Mark Twain that Fritiof Nilsson totally lacks. The latter tells his story with a matter-of-fact realism, and a casual brutality in humour, even verging occasionally

upon the crude, which is, however, seldom displeasing. In the utter irresponsibility and absence of awe in the boys, in their eager and unthinking acceptance of excitement in the potentially tragic, he has succeeded admirably in recapturing the childlike attitude, to which the extreme simplicity of his style and language are also appropriate.

If, as Nis Peterson says, there are no unhappy characters in this book, and no elegant ones, it is equally true that there are no colourless ones, nor is there a dull page in *Bombi Bitt*, one of the most delightful of books about, but not for children.

M. C. B.

THE SUEZ CANAL: ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE, by Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold T. Wilson (Oxford University Press; pp. 224 and end-map; \$4.50).

Hitherto Sir A. T. Wilson's books and articles, each of them something of an event, have dealt chiefly with the Middle East, where his administrative duties have kept him in intimate touch with the public affairs first of India, then of Persia, and latterly of Iraq. Forerunner of the present work was his history of the Persian Gulf—a region destined soon to become the main thoroughfare between India and Europe. That study is familiar to all students of the Middle East as a classic unequalled in the world's literature on the subject. Now that Sir A. T. Wilson has retired from the Orient to a seat in the House of Commons, therefore, it is not surprising to find that he has turned his attention from the Gulf and the countries bordering it to that more familiar thoroughfare, the Suez Canal, whose management is a matter of concern to all western nations trading with the East.

The author makes a vigorous attack on the financial policy of the Suez Canal Company, which he regards as ruinous. His thesis may be stated briefly as follows. Every channel of trade, he asserts, must be cleared of obstructions if we are to counteract the tendency of all countries to adopt, at whatever cost, a policy of national self-sufficiency. One of the greatest channels of world trade is the Suez Canal, and one of the greatest obstructions to world trade the existing level of Suez Canal dues. The author points out that, although the Panama Canal cost more than twice as much to construct as the Suez Canal, and requires far more for its maintenance and operation, the dues charged by it are from 20 to 33 per cent. lower than those charged by the Suez Canal Company. The British Government, holding almost 46 per cent. of the Suez

Canal shares, has reaped a rich harvest in the form of phenomenally high dividends, even during the recent years of depression. Meanwhile, although the merchant marines of all other maritime powers have increased since 1918, that of Great Britain has suffered a decrease of 20 per cent. Sir A. T. Wilson suggests that the British Government has acted with folly. While other Great Powers have subsidized their respective merchant marines, the British Government has apparently accepted from its own shipping concerns, through the medium of the Suez Canal Company, a heavier contribution than traffic was able to bear, with the result that a vital service has been seriously impaired.

The author offers a variety of expedients for persuading the company to adopt new policies less obstructive to world trade. One of these he urges for immediate introduction. At present no individual shareholder is entitled to more than ten votes at general meetings. Were the British Government to dispose of its shares in parcels of 250 to some 700 individuals and corporations owing allegiance to His Britannic Majesty, British influence at general meetings would be multiplied very substantially. It is, apparently, Sir A. T. Wilson's conviction that the majority of British shareholders would insist on an immediate lowering of dues and that their aim would be the encouragement of trade rather than the maintenance of extraordinarily high dividends.

The main attack on the Suez Canal Company is reserved for the last two chapters of the book. The remainder is an objective and detailed historical account, richly furnished with documentary and statistical material, which make the volume a suitable acquisition for parliamentary and university libraries and the reference shelves of shipping companies and large commercial houses the world over.

E. P. M.

WORK OF ART, by Sinclair Lewis (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 452; \$2.50).

Myron Weagle's father rented the 'American House', Black Thread Centre, Connecticut, but his fondness for applejack and fishing left his wife and Myron free to do most of the work in operating a hotel with thirty-four bedrooms, four bathrooms, and 'an enveloping smell of cheap pink soap, and cabbage and sweaty clothes, and old cotton sheets'. Ora, the younger son, was going to be a poet and disliked the home atmosphere. In *Work of Art* we watch the methodical Myron, determined to

learn all there is to know about hotel keeping, and learning it in various hotels of varying degrees of attractiveness, by holding every job from meat cook to manager. He knows every aspect of hotel life in which there are more castes than can be found in India, and between the Front Office and the Back of the House is a gulf forever fixed. We learn to know this world as well as he does, and we usually see it through his eyes, a method which produces an effect of more immediate reality than did the detached, gigantic catalogues of Arnold Bennett's *Imperial Palace*. Ora, in the meantime finds that it is easier to be a hack writer than to be a poet, and after many ups and downs finds himself speeding towards the Heaven of all hack writers—Hollywood. Myron is to him a useful brother from whom to borrow money and a fair butt for witty remarks about Horatio Alger boys who make good. The younger Weagle has that gift for deflating with a phrase serious and happy people which was one of Fran Dodsworth's most infuriating characteristics. His half-baked reflections on life and art are also amusingly reminiscent of that lady's complacent picture of herself. Myron, however, is more fortunate in his wife. Effie May is not very clever and she grows too fat, but she develops unexpected reserves of loyalty which make her an appealing figure—the wife who does not always understand but is willing to follow. Her conversation makes us realize again that Martin Arrowsmith was Mr. Lewis' luckiest hero. Will none of his men ever meet another girl like Leora?

There is more to *Work of Art* than descriptions of Myron's struggles with food, service, guests, managers, and directors. The story of what happened on the night when Myron opened his own, long-dreamed-of inn; the skill with which the obvious is avoided in Effie May's encounter with the alimony hound; the final encounter of Ora and Myron; these scenes remind us that Mr. Lewis is an excellent story teller and can involve us emotionally with the characters whom he photographs rather than creates. But he does drive home the contrast between the brothers' works of art with a large sledgehammer. And the writing is not as good as it was in *Dodsworth*. Catalogues of phrases and wise cracks are clumsy mediums of expression. There does not seem to be much reason for the existence of sentences like the following:

'By six he was whistling, awake and lively, which was as it should be, for the ability to stay up brightly all day and all night and all day again is probably more than any technical trick or

profound learning, the secret of hotel men, physicians, sea captains, aviators, bootleggers and bridegrooms'.

Mr. Lewis ranges beyond the consciousness of his characters in his comments on the American scene. Why does he confine himself to their vocabulary?

S. M. C.

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1817-1819. Edited by H. J. C. Grierson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 511; \$6.25).

This volume continues the full, rich record of Scott's crowded and many-sided life. He is still building his house and planting trees, still appealing to the Ballantynes to be business-like, still scoring off the whigs whenever possible, and still, though one almost forgets it, writing some of the best novels in the language.

Letter after letter is filled with Abbotsford matters. Scott now has 'land and beeves as well as any Justice Shallow in the land'. But even twelve hundred acres do not satisfy him, and he is casting longing looks at Faldonside and is willing to pay £28,000 for it. Even Scott's pen could not turn out tales quickly enough to give him all the money he needed. But the pace was fairly brisk. On August 2nd, 1819, he says that he still has a volume and a half of *Ivanhoe* to write but that it will be off his hands in four weeks. He, therefore, tells Ballantyne to go ahead and make a bargain with the booksellers for *The Monastery*, of which he has, apparently, not yet written a word. Even his severe illness in 1819 did not halt the progress of *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

It is partly Scott's 'broken and twilight state of health' that gives a tone of sadness to this volume. Not that he complains much. He had enjoyed robust health for years and did not expect to go down hill without slipping now and then. Self-pity was never one of Scott's failings. He was not so absorbed in his own sufferings as not to savour the humour of the cure suggested by his highland piper, John Bruce. Bruce 'spent a whole Sunday in selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams with the purpose that I should sleep upon them and be whole. I caused him to be told that the recipe was infallible, but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapt up in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again, upon which the piper renounced all hope of completing the charm.'

Death is beginning to thin the ranks of his friends. The loss of the Duke of

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Buckleuch was a very heavy stroke. But, if his contemporaries are falling around him, he finds intense pleasure and interest in launching his son, Walter, in life. 'I have given the king a good soldier in him, for he is sensible and good-humoured, with perfect resolution of mind and great personal activity in management of his horse and weapons—and all this perhaps to be knocked on the head by a shower of brickbats at the first meeting of radical reformers.' The political agitations of the time were, in Scott's eyes, insane convulsions. He wasted no sympathy on the victims of the Peterloo affair, and he believed that if the 'rascal and uninstructed populace' were enfranchised, the result would be anarchy and then, the stern repose of military despotism'.

R. K. GORDON

THE INDUSTRIAL DISCIPLINE, by Rexford G. Tugwell (Columbia University Press; pp. 241; \$2.50).

This book has attracted wide attention because of the prominence of its author in the Roosevelt brain trust. But it is decidedly disappointing. It is written in a difficult style which is too much that of Columbia Ph.D.'s in economics and education, and doesn't seem to have much to say that could not be more cogently expressed within the scope of a pamphlet. Mr. Tugwell's main point is to emphasize the influence and the possibilities of the machine: 'the rhythm of affairs is becoming mechanical rather than human'. Eventually management will succeed in taking advantage of this rhythm not merely in the serial operations of the modern factory but in the whole of industrial society. What are to be the functions of government in this industrial discipline? It must institute controls, but their nature is only sketched here; and the Mr. Tugwell of the A.A.A., who is now reaching out for a series of controls which bid fair to

eliminate the profit motive altogether, seems to have gone a long way beyond the Professor Tugwell who wrote this book. 'The essential contrast between the liberal and the radical view of the tasks which lie before us is that liberalism requires this experimenting and that radicalism rejects it for immediate entry on the revolutionary tactic. Liberals would like to rebuild the station while the trains are running; radicals prefer to blow up the station and forego service until the new structure is built.' But what if the train service itself breaks down? One would like to read Mr. Tugwell's review of his own book now that he has had a year's experience in reorganizing American agriculture.

F.H.U.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

A STRANGER IN OUR MIDST, by A. Lambie (A. Lambie; pp. 189; \$.65).

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION AND THE B.N.A. ACT, by F. R. Scott (Thos. Nelson; pp. 38; \$.25).

COMBINES AND THE CONSUMER, by The L.S.R. Research Committee (Thos. Nelson; pp. 32; \$.25).

THE CHURCH AND THE ECONOMIC ORDER, by Dr. Ernest Thomas (Thos. Nelson; pp. 28; \$.25).

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL QUESTION IN CANADA, by George M. Weir (Ryerson Press; pp. viii, 298; \$2.50).

GENERAL

INDIA WHAT NOW?, by N. Gangulee (Thos. Nelson; pp. 280; \$2.75).

RECONSTRUCTION, by Harold Macmillan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 128; \$1.25).

ISLAM AND MODERNISM IN EGYPT, by Charles C. Adams (Oxford University Press; pp. 283; \$2.25).

IF I HAVE CHILDREN, by G. Francis Smith (Oxford University Press; pp. vi, 133; \$1.50).

'T. E. LAWRENCE' IN ARABIA AND AFTER, by Liddell Hart (Cape-Nelson; pp. 454; \$4.00).

POEMS, by Rainer Maria Rilke (Hogarth Press; pp. 51; 3/6).

MONEY, GOLD SILVER PAPER, by Francis W. Hirst (Scribner's; pp. xi, 300; \$2.00).

THE SOULLESS LEGION, by Ex. Legionaire 1384 and W. J. Blackledge (Archer; pp. 288; 7/6).

THE LONG WHIP, by Eugene Campbell (Scribner's; pp. 361; \$2.00).

CINNAMON SEED, by Hamilton Basso (Scribner's; pp. 379; \$2.25).

TUTT FOR TUTT, by Arthur Train (Scribner's; pp. 323; \$2.00).

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER, by John Gade (Scribner's; pp. ix, 312; \$2.75).

ANNE CECIL, ELIZABETH & OXFORD, by Percy Allen (Archer; pp. xvii, 268; 10/6).

FROM MOSCOW TO SAMARKAND, by Y. Z. (Hogarth Press; pp. 134; 6/-).

THE ADVENTURES OF DAVY CROCKETT, by John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's; pp. 255; \$2.50).

CHINESE POLITICS TODAY, by Harold S. Quigley (University of Minnesota Press; pp. 31; \$.25).

ception of religion, and he goes on to tell us how up-to-the-minute he is himself. Hark at him: he implies that he is a disciple of 'Liberal Christianity' not concerned with a 'world beyond' but with the 'here-and-now'. He gives us the following definition: 'Religion is man's acute awareness of unattained possibility and the behaviour that results from this awareness.' How shall one treat such rubbish? By this 'definition' a newsboy aware of millionaires and stimulated by his awareness to some conduct (undefined) would be a religious newsboy. Macbeth murdering Duncan to obtain the kingship is religious if he is properly aware of the unattained possibility. No doubt an amoeba in pursuit of its food is equally religious—or a flower, 'aware' of the sunlight and turning its face towards it. Beneath such a wave of religion I drown, but I clutch at a straw. . . . God is well out of it! And consequently, as Mr. Gustafson says, there is no mythology. Specifically he denies the Resurrection. I should have known, he insinuates, that Mr. Gustafson and the 'Liberal Christians had abandoned that long ago'. For a mere atheist like myself the Christian theologians, Catholic and Protestant, will have more pity than anger. But I shudder to think of their opinion of their newest protagonist. . . .

Beneath this 'liberalism', however, there is a lesson. Mr. Gustafson, it seems, represents the left wing of Christianity, which reduces religion openly (instead of covertly) to whatever social conduct it decides to approve. To term such Godlessness 'religion' is pure obscurantism, gaining adherents only among those dissatisfied with the prevailing brands of organized Christianity but still desirous of avoiding the social stigma of irreligion. It is a weak-bellied move thoroughly typical of social-democracy which, in its religion as in its other politics, would like to seem all things to all men.

That his conception should find shelter under any one of the banners of Christianity is fresh proof that the Christian is the most flexible of all faiths. This extreme opportunism of interpretation, this lack of agreed ethical content, is surely the root cause of Christianity's persistence. So full is it of convenient contradictions that there are few practical problems of life to which good Christians may not react in entirely contrary directions! What a political weapon for all who know how to use it! With fine impartiality it supports war-maker and pacifist, employers who buy evangelists to break strikes



'ALL RELIGIONS ARE POLITICS'

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

In his letter discussing religion and Marxism, Mr. Carl Gustafson suggests that I sinned in writing on *Marxism and the Religious Attitude* because I'm not qualified to pass judgement on religion. Of course I'm not qualified! As every churchman knows, an atheist is never qualified to speak on religion. The religious experience is mysterious and incommunicable. You either have it, like Mr. Middleton Murry, or you haven't it. If you say you have it, you can talk about it and get away with it,

and no one is going to bother much unless you begin to see God's face looking in at the window, in which case psychopathologists may take a hand. But if you've had no religious experience (or if you once had it and lost it—obviously not the genuine delusion!) then you've no right to argue and must keep your mouth shut: you're poaching in the sacred groves of the witch-doctors and hurting the 'feelings' of their victims.

The Church, like the Army, needs and gets legal protection from such criticism as may hinder recruiting. (The ruling class needs them both).

Becoming more definite, Mr. Gustafson says I'm not up to date in my con-

and strikers who want the wealth of their employers. For the down-trodden of capitalism it is opium. For resurgent Fascism it is also opium—only the dreams are changed. But those who use it best to political ends are least overcome by the fumes. Such a religion is immoral and deceitful, because whether it is telling people that it is better to starve honourably amid plenty than to steal, or that it is better to steal than let your dependents starve, it is enhaloing the desired conduct with supernatural sanctions. It is the political exploitation of superstition. No communist would stoop to use it.

Maintaining the anti-Bolshevik cant that communism is a religion (which any one agreeing with Mr. Gustafson's 'definition' of religion is entitled to do), Mr. Gustafson suggests that the communist deity is embalmed in the Red Square in Moscow, and adds: 'Not to see in the awed attitude towards that silent figure something of religion is wilful blindness.' Here again, I am up against Mr. Gustafson's conveniently loose conception of religion. I can only say that if the Tories of Canada pickle Mr. Bennett and put him in a mausoleum in front of the scene of his triumphs, I, too, should file past full of awe and admiration at the splendid spectacle. But not even the most passionate advocate of the deceased should I accuse of God-making. Lenin was as mortal as Mr. Bennett: the difference is one of achievement.

Turning from religion to Marxists, Mr. Gustafson declares that we think 'the world is moving inevitably towards a time when the last shall be first and the first last' and that 'this blissful state is coming whether we work for it or no'. Both these statements are anti-Marxian. We have no interest in such sentimental Christian revenge for the poor. In highly-developed countries the proletariat is already the first class in the state—first in numbers, first in latent strength. That it does not yet realize its strength is partly due to the ministrations of theologians who, on the whole, prefer that the workers should die loyally to perpetuate the economic system of private capitalism when competing in war than that they should work to seize power and build socialism for themselves. That this 'blissful state' is coming of its own accord is nonsense. It is the conditions of capitalist evolution which generate Marxists and the workers' will to struggle. Their struggle with their buyers in turn acts upon the conditions of capitalism, changing them, and driving the supporters of the capitalist economic system out of their now-dangerous belief in democracy to open

Quality Has No Substitute

"SALADA"

TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

dictatorship and to the re-moulding of constitutions so as to make the coming of socialism a 'legal' impossibility. This the bigoted communists foresaw; but were unable to conclude an alliance with the social-democrats which would give the communists the right to express their views while fighting Fascism and the social-democrats the 'guts' to fight Fascism while expressing their views. Thanks to the social-democrat débâcle, we become increasingly aware of the power and ruthlessness of the enemy class. Cognition breeds will, and will breeds effort. It is not our 'fatalism' but our effort that Mr. Gustafson dislikes!

He implies this when he says of Marxists: 'they are very disagreeable people to cooperate with'. I do not wonder that he finds them difficult. Social-Democracy has a past that it can never live down. It is the laughing-stock of bourgeois historians, who already adopt towards it in its defeat precisely the same attitude as the communists did throughout its growth. It was impotent because it believed in a state-above-the-battle, in a ruling class that could be voted out of its economic power! But it was not impotent to lead the working-class (who believed in its will to socialism) straight into the arms of Fascism. The formal surrender of the German non-communist Labour movement to Hitler in the Reichstag was the masterpiece of its leadership. But in countless less showy ways it has played its part in the defence of capitalism—as when a British Labour government reduced the unemployment insurance to help keep its masters' economic system alive. Marx declared that a ruling class was unfit to govern when it had to feed

the populace instead of being fed by it. But we can add that such humanitarianism dies with declining capitalism, and that social democracy in Britain has proved its fitness as executioner. The cry of the Austrian socialist, brought face to face with last-minute class realities in the streets of Vienna—'We are fighting not to overturn the government but for the right to live!'—is pathetic symbol of the hell of good-intentions to which the European blood-brothers of the C.C.F. have led the workers. To fight unready, unled, without plan or understanding, was the plight of the Helots against Sparta, and they were always beaten.

Yours, etc.,
TONY SECKER

Toronto

A CORRECTION

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

One of my quotations from Hopkins in my review in your February issue got mutilated, or should I say unmutated? Hopkins sometimes ends a line in the middle of a word, as in

'I caught this morning morning's
minion, king—'

followed by

'—dom of daylight's dauphin', etc.

I was comparing this with Doughty's use of the same device in a passage which got correctly quoted.

As one of these poets is virtually unread and the other was unread until yesterday, I feel that I owe them this little explanation.

Yours, etc.,
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When it is realized that a divorce costs approximately the same price as one-twentieth of a pound of butter, and that a woman may obtain a divorce in the morning after her husband has left for work, and leave him for good without bothering

to write a note of farewell, it is easy to see how different from our own are these new living conditions.

There are chapters on Moscow, the Revolt against God, the Government, the Land of Suspicion, and many other subjects. For instance, travelling on a boat, when still some distance from an approaching bridge, it is necessary for all the passengers to go below. There are no exceptions to this rule as any one of the passengers might be armed with a bomb, and Russia cannot afford to lose bridges just now!

One of the most interesting things about "MODERN RUSSIA" is the way in which Miss Hamilton has described her encounters with the various people, and her talks with the guides. Many of these are given word for word, leaving the impression with the reader that they have taken the journey themselves instead of seeing it through someone else's eyes.

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